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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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J. Mitford. 1815. (May. 25. 1816.)

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Boston Public Library.

See Baker's Biogr: Dramatica. Vol. ii. p. 181. 'The incident of Julio's cheating his drunken Guests, is repeated by Kirkman in his English Rogue. p. iii. c. 13. as is also that of his cheating the Countryman of the piece of Gold; in the account of the hard frost of 1684. in 8vo. p. 41. but contrary to the usual Custom, these Writers have stolen these incidents from the Play; instead of the Play being founded on their Writings."

The Knave in Graine, New Vampt.

A witty Comedy, Acted at the *Fortune* many dayes together with great *Applause*.

Written by J. D. *Gent.*

LONDON:
Printed by *J. O.* and are to be sold by *John Nicholson* at his Shop under St. *Martins* Church neare *Ludgate*, 1640.

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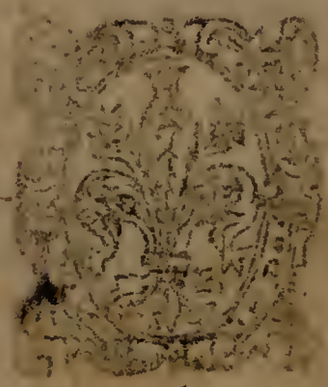

LONDON:
Printed by J. O. and are to be sold by
John Nicholson at his Shop under
St. Martins Church neere
Ludgate. 1640.

To the Generous Reader.

Courteous Reader, the ancient Latin Adage is, Sultorum, *but I say* Nebulonum plena sunt omnia, *Knaves be about all persons, and in all places. There are twelve Coat-Cards in the bunch, of which foure are Knaves, Heart, Diamond, Spade, Club, suiting with the foure C C C C: Court, City, Country, Campe: My purpose is not to touch any in particular; onely thus much of them in generall: some are notable, some notorious, some pimping, some panderly Knaves; some prating, some pestilent; some consening, some cunny-catching Knaves. There are also lazy and lying, base, and deboist, fantasticall, foolish, and false Knaves. To these we may adde Hereticall and Hypocriticall, schismaticall, and separisticall Knaves: not forgetting perjur'd, and shamelesse; impudent, and informing; arrogant, and arrant Knaves,* Cum multis alijs. *And besides these, I have heard of a Knave Tapster, a Knave Ostler, a Knave Serjeant, and a Knave Broker: but with these we have nothing to doe at this time; onely with a Knave in graine, or a Knave new vampt, in decyphering of whom, I give all the rest this Caveat,* Have amongst you my Masters: *And now if any of the rest shall finde himselfe touch't, hee hath his mends in his owne hands: for he cannot say but I gave him faire warning. And so much of the Argument, the Act followes.*

The

The Actors Names.

Iulio the Knave in grain.
Franciſcus a Merchant of *Venice.*
Chriſipus Father to *Cornelia.*
Thomaſo. } Gentlemen.
Lodwicke. }
Stultiſſimo a humerous gentleman.
Fub his man.
Arbaces a Senator of *Venice.*
Antonio his ſonne.
Vallentius a gentleman.
A Hermite.
A Doctor.
A Divine.
A gentleman with him.
Duke of *Venice.*

Two Senators.
A Guard.
A Drawer.
The Bread and Meatman.
A Mercer and his man.
A Barber.
Two Serjeants.
A Carman.
A rabble of Boyes and others.
Two men.
A Country fellow.

Cornelia wife to *Franciſcus.*
Phemone her ſiſter.
Monkey the Knaves wife.
Puſſe the Bawd.
Doctors Wife.

The

The Knave in Graine;

OR

New Vampt.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Julio *and* Monkey.

Iulio.

Hy how now *Puſs*, what ayles my *Monkie* to chatter out of tune thus?

Monk. A whoreſon ſenceleſſe Coxcombe—— but I am glad th'art come, I long for a pottle of wine and a Capon.

Iulio. Good proviſion for the preſent *Monkie*, but *viderit futuritas*, in the meane time, who layes up for futurity? Come you raiſe foure hundred *per annum*, out of pottles of Wine and Capons?

Monk. Yes my *Granado*, in this qualitie: they that come short of my breeding have don't. The first credit I wonne was in a Garrison.

Iulio. In *Holland*.

Monk. No; and yet in the low Countries: I never sate foot in a leaguer yet.

Iulio. The reason of that?

Monk. My hard fate nothing else, having as much impudence, and as many wayes to manage it, receiving weekly *Corantoes* from *Paris*, *Roterdam*, and *Flushing*, and having trade too in *Middleborough*, I have beene house Lecturer three yeares together, and read *Aretine*, both in print and picture, and that is much for one of my yeares.

Iulio. 'T may be thou wantst acquaintance.

Monk. No such matter, the old Exchange, the new Burse, and new Town, afford plenty; not a Prentice that can cry Bawd, nor a Butchers Dog that can say bow wow, but is of my acquaintance.

Iulio. Yet it may be they are precise, and will not be seen (in't.

Monk. That I know not, but most sure, I have feasted the Liberty twice at mine owne charge, and helpt their wives and daughters to the earning of many a fair pound: they will be seen in that.

Iulio. Well, I am sure I have furnish'd thy Library with all books of behaviour, and tables of entertainment.

Monk. And I have cull'd out all my phrases as curiously & stuck my language with such inticing conveniences: and for intellicence, all the lawn women, lace women, box women, and to come nearer to the businesse, very haire women, perriwig women, and candied Elicumpany lick halbars, come in twice a week like decoy Ducks, with whole sholes at the taile of them.

Iulio. Why, then there's a fault in your company.

Monk. I, I, that villanous company undoes all, Ther's *Lodowick Tomaso Vallentine*, high talkers, and deepe drinkers, but they have wit in their wine, and too much honesty in their actions at all time, there's only on Gentleman ——

Iulio

Iulio. Stultissimo of a plain cut and square size, he runs just as you throw him; rub him a little against the grain now, and he will come off a great deal the smoother. You would not thinke, what charitable benefactours three or foure such plush Colonels would be to the founding of a new honour.

Monk. But hast thou such a purpose, indeed?

Iulio. Why should not I have purpose and effect as much as any: A leager, yes, so it lay in the Ile of plentie; Ide dig through the *Alpes* with *Haniball*, and fetch *Theseus* from Hell, with *Hercules* purpose and practice, my precious *Monkie*, tis done.

Bawd. And shall I come to the honour to write Mistris of the Leaguer.

Iulio. Shall not bate an accent of that title my Catamptiall Monky, but you must look out for Spiders Monky, and the Sprall of all foure *Puzz*: I have laid the foundation in gold already.

Monk. Hast had a good return of thy Rings chuck?

Iulio. Rings hang um, they are as stale as *Scotch Lanson*, Or as your Decoy,
No, I have sent um out in a desperat venture to Cape.
No *Monkie*, my old friend *Franciscus* hath repaired my Jacket already, & has promised to new thatch my outside too. One of these boxes has 100 pieces of new gold,
With chains and keyes correspondent.

Monk. For what use Chick?

Iulio. For a dead lift *Monkie*: a Leaguer cannot be planted, mann'd, victuall'd and munition'd with a small Magazine: to work *Monkie*, a mouzing Puss, make choice of your company, admit no parley with the popular, be high and proud of thy selfe, and let those that will needs buy thee, pay soundly for thee with a pox to um, Puss a wink to the wise, you know my minde, let's have no more midnight catterwowlings under Sale-mens shop windows, Vintners dark cellers, no Justices long Entries, but beare up your selfe so civill and so meager,

You may be ſtilde a ſiſter of the Leaguer.

Enter Dulciflora *a Whore, and Miſtris* Durable *a Bawd, old* Signior Stultiſſimo *a fooliſh Gentleman, and* Fub.

Whore. Away you Rogue.

Stult. As I am a Gentleman body and ſoule Ile break your windowes.

Fub. Maſter, as you are a man ſtand and tickle her.

Whore. Will you, you Raſcall.

Bawd. Ah, ſweet heart, prethee good woman.

Fub. Nay, let her come Ile give her her belly full.

Stult. Let her alone *Fub*: let her alone, by this hand, Ile make the boyes maule her Ruffs.

Whore. Fie, how I am tyred, a whorſon ſtinking ſhamleg'd, Fie, fie, fie, uſe a Gentlewoman thus in her own lodging.

Bawd. How does your back, O the *Fucas*, out alas, here's half a Crown in Complexion utterly caſt away.

Whore. If I be not even with the Rutter ———

Bawd. If hee come where you have to doe, let him pay ſoundly.

Whore. A plague upon his Aſſes eares, by my Virginity, Ile ſend his beard into *New-found-land* for this.

Bawd. And ſo I would, to make lines to catch Cods: out, out, out, a Gentleman, and uſe a woman no otherwiſe; y faith, y faith, it ſtands not with his reputation.

Whore. A whorſon ſmelt: Miſtris *Durable*, I would I had ſome of your *aqua vitæ*, I'me ſick after the conflict.

Bawd. And ſhall good woman, come, come, pray keep your ſelf warme.

Enter Franciſcus, *and* Julio, Julio *very poore.*

Fran. Forſake me honour, when I doe forget the bond of friendſhip; let not poverty, no, nor your fathers haviour *Iulio*: though our *Venetian* law proved him a Traitor: come

pluck

plucke away your interest from my breast: when we were pupills in the Academy, I was *Franciscus* and your fellow then; I am *Franciscus* and your fellow still, nor can be altered: I have now a heart as free from pride, as when I clipt thee thus, before thou knew'st the taste of poverty, or I prosperity. Thinke not ancient friend I can forget thee, though thy need were such as beggery despis'd.

Iulio. The liberall hand of heaven reward your love, or lend my wishes that ability to thank you in requitall.

Fran. Amen to that and more.

I tell thee *Iulio*, I am not happier in my vertuous wife: and yet that's greater than yielding thee relieſe: tis all that good men wish: Why have we wealth bestow'd on us, but to returne the same, where stern necessity pinches the ribs of him or her that wants? it has no other worth, no more esteeme of me. Heap it together while the massie weight e'ne crack, what bears it lesse than dust? on dust deserves no more regard. I have a Wife, Nurse, and mother, all shee is in one; yet one deserves more Titles, besides her feature; which may make compare with those that boast of parts: she is so kinde, that many millions may be stampt againe, ere one so perfect currant. She is worth more than the earth is: but she is my wife, and I will cease her praise: you know her father when you have his name: hee is called *Chrisippus*; many stile him good, and wish all *Venice* such.

Iulio. Ere I was banish'd for my fathers fact, my knowledge coated, and all *Italy*, spoke of a Damosell called *Cornelia*, this good *Chrisippus* daughter.

Enter *Chrisippus, Cornelia, Anthonio, Tomaso, Phemono, Stultissimo*, and *Fub.*

Fran. She is that jewell, that unmatched thing I made my boast of: That *Cornelia* is none but mine, I dare boldly say, and eke affirme it: See, my *Iulio*, she meets us unexpected, and comes to hinder what I would speake more, in cause of her demerit, modesty, and sweetnesse.

Chris. Franciscus: sonne!

Fran. My Love and duty make me ever such.
To all this company a happy houre.

Corn. You have bin mist *Franciscus.*

Fran. You have beene mist *Cornelia.*

Corn. Where?

Fran. Where ere I have bin, this is my friend, tender him your welcome with as good respects as I my selfe where he.

Corn. Sir, bid your own welcome, and command as much as all we have, were yours.

Iulio Your courtesies to one so throng'd in misery
As my selfe, dulls my behaviour, that I know not how
Enough to laud or thanke you.

Fran. You shall exchange your habit:
Phemone, sister, *Anthonio* ——— *Whispers.*

Anth. We mist you yester night.

Fran. I durst not come believe it:
Vallentius forsayes rowses are too great,
They make me quake to see 'em.
How fares my cousen *Lodwick?*

Anth. He spoyld our sport: he was not well he said:
I would you had beene there: *Tomaso* pledg'd you twice.

Fran. I thank his love. *Tom.* It is not worth it Sir.

Stult. Yfaith Nephew I was extream drunke, aske my man *Fub* else, he'le tell you what a coyle he had with me: the rarest Iest yfaith: prethee tell 'em how thou foundst me underneath the staires.

Fub. By no meanes, 'twill make 'em drunk to heare it.

Enter *Arbaces*, *Anthonios* Father.

Cris. Signior *Arbaces* you are the man I wisht for.

Arb. Well met Gentlemen: are you here *Antonio?*

Cris. *Cornelia.* *Corn.* Sir.

Cris. No, tis no matter. *Tomaso* you shall do't,
Goe see nothing want; you are all my guests, you dine with
Me that's certaine: Nay, I will not be deny'd:
Most welcome Sir to you: will you walke?

Fran. Ever, ever welcome.

Exeunt. *Manet Stultissimo* and *Fub.*

Fub. Will you walk ſir? will you munch ?

Stult. Sirrah *Fub*, thou wouldſt not think how ſore my head is, ever ſince I had the knock with the Ladle ?

Fub. I believe you : will you feed ſir ?

Stult. No more i'th' Ladle. Me thinkes I am pocky melancholy here of late.

Fub. So I gheſt, ever ſince you knew the Gentlewoman that beate you.

Stult. Thou ſayeſt true, ever ſince yfaith.

Fub. Why ſhe is able to make any body pocky melancholy. But would you would ſnap a bit ſir.

Stult. I love her I cannot tell how : yfaith and I were well ſearch'd, I think I am little kin to a Spannell, the more I am beaten, the better I affect.

Fub. Would I were ſure of that.

Stult. Well, ſhe ſhall heare from me in ſome Sonnet or Ditty ; ſome rare thing of mine owne invention, and that ſpeedily : Let me ſee to what tune ſhall I have it ?

Fub. And if you pleaſe, let it goe to the Punkes delight ; 'tis your onely ſweet tune : for women doe love the Punks delight.

Stultiſ. By this hand gramercy ; they doe indeed, thou canſt ſing if need be.

Fub. I can make a ſcurvy ſhift : But to ſay truth I am no good Queriſter.

Stult. But canſt thou doe well and ſcurvily ?

Fub. After my manner.

Stult. Would I might be hang'd preſently, but methinkes I am a piece of a Poet already, there's ſuch a whiſtling in my pate. *Fub.* That's nothing but your conceit ſir.

Stult. Conceit merrily : O that my love were any thing but woman. *Fub.* O that your love were any thing but Common : then might ſhe be.——

Stu. What might ſhe be. *Fub.* Nay what you wil yfaith.

Stu. Ile to't while tis hot, I know I'me in an excellent vein.

Fub. Pricke it quickly then :

But Harke you Signior, ſhall you not need my helpe ?

Stul.

Stult. I defie't, It shall be all mine own, I cannot abide, tis the scurviest thing to rob others of their wit, good or bad, it shall flow from mine own sweet brain.

Fub. I believe youle finde the tyde turn'd, tis ebbing water there, would I might be begg'd, as hee had like to have been, if his foolery do not vex my discretion, but hee gives me means, and I could do little if I could not smile.

Exeunt.

Enter Lodowick *and* Vallentius.

Lod. Well *Vallentius*, and you be caught ith' purlues: and you be not stung for't Ile forsweare privacie, and all that belongs too't, I have a Girle, the very spirit of what she was made for, and she were honest, she might crave supremacie of *Hellen*, and make her ride behinde.

Vallen. And I love one were she not honest, that's her only fault, shee were a Paragon unparalleld, mingle all beautie that our *Venice* yields, and set her self aside, she would stand peerlesse, over-shine them all, and dimme the Artists cunning.

Lod. Is she a woman?

Vall. Yes, but such a one no voluntary habit, nor slie drift with all accommodations that beseemes, unblemisht truth it selfe can bring to speech or give my thoughts accesse.

Lod. What is she for a Saint, that stands in the how faire and beautifull: may one of my birth intreat her name and knowledge?

Vall. Vow your assistance to my purposes, and I a Traitour to my selfe reveale the treason of my minde.

Lod. Give me your hand, I am yours for better or worse, in all causes, all adventures, my sword and selfe vow fealty: Is she a wife?

Vall. I, would she were not.

Lod. Know you *Vanderman* our great Physician.

Vall. What, my fretfull Doctour? the only curer of mad folks;

Know

Know I my ſelfe?

Vall. You know hee's married.

Lod. Yes, and what of this (oh would you be miniſtring therein.) I have you my deare *Flora*, well take my word ſhee's thine.

Vall. I would that I were hers.

Lod. Why it lyes in thine own choice.

Vall. But ſetting all this pleaſantneſſe aſide, in earneſt *Lodowick* I affect her ſo, no motive mean nor yet dire accident can change my ſtedfaſt will, I muſt enjoy her, or I muſt not live.

Lod. Thou ſhalt enjoy her, or I will not live.

Vall. You ſpeak like a friend.

Lod. I ſpeak like what I am, a Chriſtian, and by that *Epethite*, I meant as much as I ſpeake, nor could I thinke, *Vallentius*, you of all the men alive, would have miſtaken mee.

Vall. In any kinde but this I never had: pardon me *Lodowick* this doting loves beares ſuch a jealous ſway, the leaſt ſuſpition puts us on the wracke, and breaks all chaines of duty: You may perſwade me to believe, but yet he that never ſaw a Veſſell under ſayle, cannot imagine what the Seaman brooks, the Merchant ſleeping on his downey Cowch, nere dreams what danger the bold Souldier dures, and he that never felt the pangs of Hell, cannot report the torments: aſſure thee *Lodowick* ſo be ſatisfied, ſince I knew her, I have not known my ſelfe, ſo mighty is loves extreams.

Lod. Tis ſtrange.

Vall. She troth plight was to me, and had been mine, had not deſire of pelfe alter'd her friends, and I dare well vow ſhe loved me once, what ere her minde be now.

Lod. Come be rul'd by mee, thou ſhalt ſet thy toe in the Doctors ſtirrop, ride and go a foot at thy pleaſure: did ſhee love thee once?

Vall. I had her oath.

Lod. Go to, renew thy ſuite, the fire is not all out, ſtir up

the aſhes, and thou doſt not finde ſome embers, that will both glow and warme, pawn me for butter'd Sack, and let me never be worthy redemption.

Val. I want the means.

Lod. Think not of that, tis here my *Flora*, what man? he's not the firſt Doctor has worn a corner Cap: come, will you be merry *Vallentius*, and youle forſake not this mood, I renounce ſociety.

Val. I am yours, obedient as your hand.

Lod. Follow me then, and I drive not this melancholly fit out of thee, He never truſt my conceit: what, ho *Damazella?* *Knocks, and Clariſiona looks out at the window.*

Whore. Whoſe there?

Lod. He's here that ſhould be here, come down?

Whore. *Lodowick.*

Lod. Yes.

Val. What's ſhe.

Lod. The commodity I told you of, there's a Gentleman a friend of yours in love with her.

Val. Not your ſelfe.

Lod. No faith, though you ſhall heare her ſweare as much, tis our rich heire *Signior Stultiſſimo.*

Val. What, the Foole?

Lod. That morſell of mans fleſh, ſhee cannot beat him away, he haunts the Eves like a Sparrow in *March*, you may hunt flies from honey ſooner then him out of her company: now Miſtris how ſtands things with you, when did you play with your fools bable?

Whore. Youle never leave this.

Lod. Bid my friend welcome.

Val. I thank you Lady.

Lod. Come kiſſe me?

Whore. Will you ſtay all night?

Lod. Yes, when I am weary of ſtrength, and foes with my back.

Whore. Yfaith *Lodowick*, you muſt leave this?

Lod. So I will.

Whore.

Whore. When?

Lod. When thou leav'ſt thy trade?

Whore. Will you ſup here?

Lod. Yes drink, nothing elſe.

Whore. Lord, how wiſe your grown?

Lod. So I were, if I could keep out of your company.

Whore. Fie, your'e to uncourteous *Lodwick*: nay, he's ever thus, but tis my fault.

Lod. Marry mend it then for ſhame.

Whore. Where's my Bracelet, which of your Truls has that?

Lod. Shall I be true to thee?

Whore. Your'e nere true to me.

Lod. I mean honeſt.

Whore. I care not for your honeſty.

Lod. I believe that too, but in plain verity. Your bracelet embraces my horſes main.

Whore. Come, you jeſt.

Lod. No good troth.

Whore. Sweare you, I hope you make a difference between your horſe and me.

Lod. Faith but little: and yet your'e both good bearers.

Val. By the bright Sun you wrong her: weepe not faire one.

Lod. What, ſhall we have tricks? *Enter* Julio.

Val. You are too blame beſhrow me.

Lod. Now, when, what needs all this, nay, and you powt farewell.

Val. As I am a Gentleman you part not ſo.

Whore. Sweet, *Lodwick*.

Lod. Hum, why was not this before, I have ſeene the Beares.

Val. Do not I know your woman?

Enter the Bawd.

Bawd. Hiſt, hiſt, Are you the man of War?

Lod. Nay, you must draw neerer, if youle have your Embassie answered: how ist Mistris *Durable*?

Bawd. How do you Master *Lodowick*?

Lod. The worse for you, and your creatures.

Bawd. It's a good hearing.

Lod. Shall I have three or foure words in private?

Whore. Not with her unlesse I participate.

Bawd. Whats the matter?

Whore. Yonder's *Fub*, the parties man you wot on has somthing under hand and seale.

Bawd. For me.

Whore. So he gives out.

Bawd. You may admit him.

Whore. Rest you merry Gentlemen. *Enter* Fub.

Lod. Whose this secret party, this conceal'd Champion, What have ye here, *Signior Stultissimoes* man?

Fub. All haile.

Vall. This fellow would keep a vilde coyle if hee were a top ath' tiles.

Fub. Gentiles, good speed.

Lod. What, the Plough?

Fub. No, you, and you please, *Marona* to your self.

Lod. This fellows discreet. (gives a paper)

Whore. To me.

Fub. So sayes his backside.

Enter Julio.

Iulio You the man of War, or more properly Pirat, that gave summons to the leaguer.

Lod. Leager, Sir.

Iulio. Leager, Sir, the report of your Pot-guns cannot make us hang up a white flag.

Toma. The skirt of a clean smock's more proper ath' two.

Iulio. Wee come not to learne whats proper of you, *Monkie*, and catch flies.

Lod. Play at his foolery, come hither Punck.

Iulio.

Iulio. Sir, y'are uncivill, ſhe's none; nor this a Bawdy houſe; but a Leaguer of gentle entertainment.

Lod. The fellow dreames: Come wake and be thy ſelfe.

Iulio. My ſelfe? Would you were as ſure your ſelves as I am.

Tom. A what?

Iul. I'de faine know that of you:
But I adviſe you to take councell of your beſt judgment firſt,
Your words will be queſtioned.

Lodw. Queſtion that dares, th'art an arrant Cheater.

Iulio. Tis not your pare royall of pluſh Coxecombes can ſecure you in't.

Lodo. Valiant a the ſuddaine too.

Iulio. Not ſuddainly neither:
The growth has both time and ſufficient temper.
Why I a Cheater? let any impartiall ——
Ride Circuit, and ſit in judgement of us all,
And ſhew any reaſon either in Art or Nature,
Why I a Cheater more than any of you.

Lod. Thou haſt nothing but a little wit to live upon.

Iulio. That's endowment enough for a Gentleman:
I ever ſhall count him the nobler gentleman
That makes himſelfe a fortune in the world, than he
That brings it into the world with him.

Tom. Suppoſe this granted: yet why this a Leaguer?

Julio. I want words for you: onely for concluſion, one out of a ſtrange affected carriage has gathered an admirable method of drilling, and training men from the flying of *Cranes*: Another rare order and government of Common-wealths, from the poore labour of the Bee: And I out of this Leaguer ——

Lodo. Will extract certaine wayes and carriages for Cheaters and Libertines.

Iul. Twere not from my purpoſe if I granted that to: *Lycurgus* was the firſt Law-maker; and the beſt Law that ever he made, was a proviſion or maintenance for Cheats, as you call em, and Fellons (*viz.*) That he (without exception of

age, quality, or condition) which could doe the moſt high dainty, and dangerous peece of Felony, and come cleare off, ſhould be preferred to the moſt eminent place of office in the State: but if he failed, he was then to receive Martiall Law.

Lodo. Strange courſe, pick Officers out of Fellons.

Iulio. 'Tis a kind of Meſlin or mingled graine ſtill. How much of the poores money was found in one of the Churchwardens purchaſe laſt day?

Lod. None I thinke.

Iulio. How many theeves horſes have bin watered at the High Conſtable of the hundreds watring trough within this tenne yeares?

Tom. I think not any.

Iulio. It may be ſo: But I am ſure, I have heard, or read, or ſomething, that a new Chiefe Juſtice of ſome place, or a better man wo'd not ha made very nice to bid a fat purſe to breakfaſt with him if he light upon it ſoundly: ſo that it is not ſo much the Art to know, as the government to diſpoſe; that quallifies the man.

Lodo. He ſayes true: all times ha' bin guilty of good fellowſhip, why not this? I like the Leaguer now ſo well, I care not if I buy a place of command in it my ſelfe.

Iulio. Why now you come to me,
That's the Pearle I ha' div'd for all this while:
I have a catalogue of names, places, and prizes.
A cup of entertainment for my friend.
Welcome to the new Leaguer.

Lodo. We'le pledge, we'le pledge:
Victual'd and Win'd already?

Iulio. To the Society at the Swan two pottles and a halfe: *Monkey* the health; theſe are my noble & prime viſitants; the boxes I gave you to lay up.

Lod. How now *Iulio*, gold?

Tom. By this light, and the moſt curious.

Iul. A poore Grannams gift gentlemen: 300 peeces, or ſuch a taſte, partly induction to a buſineſſe, or ſo. There's a

Burde-

Burdeaux Merchant in Towne now, would lay me between wind and water this twelve month, but the ſpite is, I am tyed not to part with this gold for ever; if I knew where to borrow but halfe the worth on't——

Lodw. Halfe the worth?
Ile vow to lend the full worth,
If that will pleaſure thee.

Iulio. You ſhall keepe the gold under locke and key for your pawne.

Lod. Thou ſhalt not want for ſuch a courteſie to doe thee good: Ime glad th'art ſo thriving.

Tom. Lock up the boxe, and keep the key; there's the full ſumme.

Iulio. To a Piece I aſſure you: you ſhall ſee elſe agen.

Lod. No more, no more trouble:
Let me ſee for how long?

Iulio. Three Moneths, not a day longer:
Nay ſooner if mony chance to come in afore:
I have offices in my Leaguer ſtand upon Fortunes hill,
'Vds me Signior *Stultiſſimo* promiſed
Me a courteſie laſt night.

Monkey. Aſſure thee ſweet chuck he'le not faile thee.

Iulio. I believe thee without an oath:
Make my friend welcome to the Leaguer *Monkey*:
As ſoone as I have diſpatch'd my voyage
To the Canaries, I am for you agen Lads.

Whor. Gentlemen, who can read?

Lod. Who cannot?

Fub. I can reſolve you:
She cannot.

Lod. What's here?

Opprobrious Saint, and moſt Angellicke fiend,
Ere I begin, thus doe I make an end.

Lod. I ſhould have beene ſorry elſe:
Nay ſilence, or the Proclamation's loſt.

And if thy heart be not patcht up in Marble,
Harke how my pen does in thy prayſes warble.

Vallen.

Val. O deare *Apollo*, how art thou abus'd,
Is there more?

Sweet stinging Waspe, and well conceited Dove;
For beauty nice, intituled Queen of love
Of me; Sir reverence; that doe's thee adore;
Which art esteem'd a good one and no more:
Let reason rule thy Amazonian *fist,*
Let ladle rude be thrown at hadywist,
So shall I love thee, take it for no fable
Better then well, and more then I am able.

Yours despite your guts.

S. S.

Lod. Asse, Asse.
Val. The Authours name.
Lod. Cannot you get her *Signior Stultissimo*?
Val. O, lamentable complaint!
Lod. As ever poore man heard.
Whore. Will he take no warning.
Val. Is this a Challenge?
Lod. Fie no, they are too violent to come in rime.
Whore. *Lodowick*, is not this your practice?
Lod. Why, dost thou think me so simple, so ridiculous.
Fub. No, Ile assure you, It's a token of good will of my Masters, there's no brain guilty ont but his own; if you like it you may, and you will not, the laws in your own hands, you may choose.
Whore. Good Gentlemen return the Carrier.
Lod. What? a cuffe or a knock.
Fub. Hee has penn'd a Song too, which I should have tickled, if I had not been hoarse with drinking Flap-Dragons last night.
Lod. Whats thy name?
Fub. *Fub.*

Lod. Prethee honeſt *Fub*, tickle thy ſelfe out of our companies, weele be *Fubb'd* no longer.

Fub. Will not you be *Fubb'd* Sir.

Lod. Thou knoweſt my reſolution.

Fub. Nay, but will ye not indeed?

Lod. No faith.

Fub. I am glad I know't,——be with you. *Exit.*

Lod. Have you any wine ith' houſe?

Whore. Yes deareſt. *Enter* Julio.

Lod. Come, a pox a theſe devices, hang off: will you drink *Vallentius?*

Val. Will I live?

Lod. Where's the Matron?

Whore. The Matron, Lord, you're the ſtrangeſt man.——

Lod. Your Matron *Grandum*, what will you have it, your Bawd?

Whore. I muſt be quiet.

Val. Nay, enter, enter. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Julio, *very brave, ſolus.*

Julio. The eaſie time, and ſuch as thrive in it, favour my wiſhes, the ignorant whoſe ſole dependance is on veritie, and carry conſcience in their timorous breſts, are not aſſociates meet for *Iulio*. Thoſe that neere knew the ſtraine of Policie, nor ayme at more; then what may well content, draw not my length, the way to proſper, the directeſt courſe ſuch are my ſore neceſſities, is to get liking of this lovely Maid *Franciſcus* ſiſter, bright *Phemone*, the Virgin's modeſt, chaſt, and debonaire, beſides her brother's rich, there hang my hopes, but ſhee affects not mee, all her deſires are on young *Anthonios*, rich *Arbaces* ſonne, my friend (ſuppos'd) at leaſt, but that is breath; by what man has, or can have, he's my foe that hinders my deſigne, where hee my next of bloud, that ſhall he finde: the meane to purchaſe what I reach at now, there is but only one, one only meane that can ſupplant him, here it lies ſhall doo't, were hee as deare in eſtimation as *Niſus* to *Eurialus*.

I love my ſelfe, I count him ſtill moſt wiſe,
That cares not who's thrown down ſo he ariſe.

Actus ſecundus. Scena prima.

Enter Franciſcus *and* Julio. *ſound Muſick.*

Fran.

THou haſt to ſay ſomthing, yet nothing I hope triviall, by our known affection I beſeech thee, ſpeak what thou canſt.

Iulio. I would I had embraced my povertie, while the pale Moone has reſidence in heaven, would I had beene deafe.

Fran. Whereto tends this ſpeech? if I thought my fault, or any ones pertain'd to mee, through wilfull negligence, or otherwiſe, to breed the occaſion of this paſſionate mood, I ſhould condemne the cauſe of the offence, and deeme my ſelf unhappy.

Iulio. Can heaven ſuffer it?

Fran. What, what does heaven ſuffer, ſpeak my *Iulio*?

Iulio. Too much of ill.

Fran. Let me know that ill, and I reſt ſatisfied.

Iulio. Pray no more, the malady is mortall, unſanctified, monſtrous. *Anthonio* is there ſuch a man?

Fran. Many that weare that name in *Italy*: but one amongſt that many known to me.

Iulio. Hate all the name.

Fran. Pardon *Iulio*, Ile hate my ſelfe firſt.

Iulio. *Anthonio* is a Villain.

Fran. Blot not the reputation of his youth with ſuch calum-

calumnie, he is no way such, but as unblemisht, as the snow before it touch the Mountains.

Iulio. He's a Villain.

Fran. Villain never had so faire an out-side, nor yet heart so just as that he carries.

Iulio. He's a Villain.

Fran. I have some businesse at the Port, youle sup with me to night.

Iulio. Doe you love your selfe, do you love honour, do you love your wife?

Fran. I do.

Iulio. Then hate that *Anthonio.*

Fran. Give me to understand, since you will force me to endure your report, wherein hee's culpable, or does deserve these ignominious titles.

Iulio. He loves not you.

Fran. Tis not my fault.

Iulio. He wrongs your sister.

Fran. Therein, he's too blame.

Iulio. He loves your wife.

Fran. That amends, quits all his former wrongs.

Iulio. Can you beare it thus, wink *Vulcan* then,
And let the god of Warre, throw up her skirts agen.

Fran. How's this?

Iulio. You will not understand; I'le speak no further.

Fran. Come, come, my wife is honest.

Iulio. Yes.

Fran. If she be, tis nothing you have said; I'le heare no more, begon.

Iulio. Will you list a word, *Anthonio* wongs you.

Fran. Wrong me, and if he would he cannot.

Iulio. He playes the Parasite, the officious Asse to vaile his sinne.

Fran. Would I might understand you?

Iulio. The Serpent tempts your wife, these eares and eyes can testifie; for your sister, she's stale: his excuse, whereby hee cloakes his vice.

Fran. I wish you *Iulio*, to know what you speak. (ther.

Iulio. I am not mad, I love you, tis my love, you are my fa-

Fran. I pray be advised, consider what you do? speak not this on report, be certain; do not abuse my patience. Tempt my wife, rent earth, and swallow falshood.

Iulio. Will you be moved *Pernassus*, the two topt, forked Mount?

Fran. My bloud is not mine own, I want command of all that now obeyed me, how different are my fits? I am now a congealed, kneaded cake of ice, bound from all motion, now again (mee thinks) a flaming Iland, a *Vesuvius* Hill, meerly combustion.

Iulio. Forget not, sir, your patience.

Fran. Tell me of patience when I am my selfe; how did he tempt her, how did she accord on thy reputation?

Iulio. I would I had been dumbe?

Fran. Hang not ith' winde, (delay does torture) answer me as how?

Iulio. Kinde, sir, recall your wonted manhood?

Fran. Answer me how.

Iulio. I pray pardon me.

Fran. What? strike and cry mercie, I must be resolved, thou hast flung me ith' fire, even in the Oven; the mouth of *Ætna*, nothing thou coulst have said, nothing have done, could have assured like torture.

Iulio. Would, when I saw him kisse her, crush her hand, wink and laugh out, use his undecent language: Fie, fie.

Fran. *Cornelia* false, the floud may come agen, nothing impossible, kisse, and crush hands, wink, wink heaven and all above.

Iulio. Kind, sir.

Fran. Beare witnesse, all that good are, how deare, how deare, I held that most false man: set him here, here, even on the spire and pinacle of my heart; my life was his, and all that I call mine, but her he has abused?

Iulio. Deare friend, do not forget your name, these are but likelihoods, farre from the thing it selfe, and say he be a Vil-

lain,

laine, as no doubt he's little better in his rude exposures:
she may be honest.

Fran. No *Julio*, no, had she meant well,
She would have warnd me of his foule attempts,
Said such, and so's his haviour.
When she was loyall, as sure one shee was,
(If ever any was) no accident how vaine
So e'te it seemed, but she a woman, would unfold
Her sexe, and say 'twas thus, and thus.

Iulio. I have stroke him through.

Fran. Treble abuse:
Deflowred my wife, abused me,
Disgraced my sister; throwne infamy
On all our heads at once: What beast uncivill bred,
Amongst carelesse Monsters (but thee *Antonio*)
Would have beene kickt on to that damned enterprise?
That I had patience; me thinks thou shouldst not
Be the Villaine yet, report does speake thee.

Iulio. Nay gentle friend.

Fran. Tis true, 'tis true.
Had any 'twixt the North and Southerne Pole
Spoke these words but hee, it had not beene,
And he had falsely lyed.
This is a Creature I have rais'd, reviv'd,
Snatch'd from destructions teeth,
Incorporated to me, so deare and just, as not
A thing in all the world can be more truer to it selfe
And certaine: but his modesty conceales it,
Could write a Volume of their loath'd designes,
And curse the stories cause. O false *Cornelia!*

Julio. Remember what you are.

Fran. Remembrance burst!
There's no contemplation, nothing what ere can
Drive the thought of shame out of my mind:
Would I had never knowne discretion,
Could never have made distinctions of persons,
And harmlesse Creatures; henceforth be ignorance:

Mother of Nations and Vnderſtanding periſh:
Faire, foule *Cornelia.* The blue fac'd
Ocean, nor her fertile wombe, that yields
Vs all increaſe, nouriſhes none ſo falſe as woman:
Traytors have they been ſince their firſt being,
And betray'd poore man e're he beheld himſelfe.
Cornelia can it be thou art a Strumpet?
Oh, oh, fury finiſh that, burnes thee to Cynders. *Exit.*

Iulio. Worke on, worke on:
Fate lifts me to the ſeat of my deſires;
And I am proſperous and happy.
This Devill jealouſie, my preſent friend,
Cannot at leaſt but quite ſupplant *Anthonio*:
Beſides this ſeeming honeſty of mine, begets me good
Opinion of *Franſcicus*, as ſhall inſtall my wiſh;
All addes to my availe: what need I curſes feare
For the debate my policy ſhall raiſe betwixt theſe Turtles?
I hold with *Machievel*, for fame or profit
To breake oath or league with friend,
Or Brother: there's nothing gainfull bad:
I ha my wiſh, Advancement now
Is what I aime at, preſent glory here:
He's true religious, that does nothing feare. *Exit.*

Enter *Thomaſo, Valentius, Lodwicke, Stultiſſimo*, and *Fub.*

Stult. And how? and how?
Was it not patheticall and pretty?

Val. Yfaith I never heard the like.

Lod. Nor I.

Stult. I thanke the Muſes, I have as ſharpe a conceite of mine owne when I liſt.

Lod. Sir I take you to be a great devourer of Verjuyce.

Stult. Now and then; but 'tis not altogether that; every one has his gift.

Val. Tis ſo.

Stul. Some has two or three.

Lod. You say true Signior, some has twenty: for which they may thanke impudency and the art of begging.

Stul. The art of begging: pray you how long has begging beene an art?

Lod. Ever since it rid in a foote-cloath, and wore the badge of authority.

Stult. How long's that agoe?

Lod. Ever since you Grammams daughter had a Calfe of your age.

Stul. Is't possible?

Lod. Yes, and will continue till hee's a Bull and horne mad.

Stul. Most miraculous: would I were mercinary, and had no more in me than an ordinary man: Signior, I crye you mercy. How doe you since you powred the pottle of wine in my neck, and threw the pot at my head, because I would not pay my part o'th shot?

Tom. Was there such a time?

Stult. Was there? Why have you forgot how you kickt me, and I crept under the Table: Ile be sworne this Hip's as lame ever since, as if I had the *Cyatica*.

Fub. Absurd and grosse.

Vallen. We must leave you Signior.

Stul. I thanke you with all my heart: I am going to the foresaid place: here's my servant *Fub* can tell you if I lye in my throat.

Fub. I will assure you he's wandring to *Pusse*, or as a man would say, to deale with Mistris *Clariflora*.

Stul. Yes faith am I: she beat me tother day, and I am now going to make her amends. I thinke I endure more beating than any three in *Venice*.

Fub. Than a Stock-fish.

Val. 'Tis a signe you are offensive.

Stul. So they say that do't. Yester night a scurvy boy did so joule my head and the wall together, for holding opinion that Cheese was unwholsome.

Val. No more good Signior: farewell.

Stul.

Stul. At your service:
Shall we expect you at the old house? Exit *Stul.* & *Fub.*
Val. If you please:
Have you heard the like?
Tom. These are Asses so tedious——
Val. They're kin to Burs, they will not off with shaking.
Now my *Thomaso* what I have to say:
The chiefe occasion made me summon you,
Is to entreate your knowledge and assistance
In such a project, (as your selfe set by) and him that must
Partake in the attempt, *Venice* in *Italy*
Conceales the man that I durst credit.
Tom. Let it not touch confusion of the State,
Treason, and Murther: whatsoe're it be,
Command my will and sufferance.
Val. Defend that ever I should be such:
Vallentius never had so foule a thought,
To infect himselfe, and others.
Thus, in briefe, I love a woman; fairer
Than her selfe ne're wore the *Epethite*:
You have seene her sure, and know her:
She's wife to *Vanderman.*
Tom. *Correma's* daughter?
Val. That same onely wight, is the most precious
Beauty I adore, and would faine call mine own.
Tom. Knew you her husband?
Val. By his name, no further;
By that knowledge you understand his course.
Tom. Yes he's a Physitian: and besides,
What else report speaks of him.
Val. Listen then my purpose,
The severe sir, whose high stretcht phrases
Galls the eares of Patience, and wisedom would fain shun,
Beares such a jealous and observant eye
Over the prey I aime at, all conference is debar'd,
And you may sooner whisper with the Saint
Argos had charge of, than converse with her,

Vnseene

Vnſeene, and unſuſpected.

Tom. Is there no device to compaſſe her?

Val. But one, and this is it;
Your ſelfe and *Lodwicke* (harken I beſeech you)
Shall to this skilfull *Vanderman* preſent me
As one diſtracted: nay ſmile anon,
And with a kinde of ſober modeſty, as if you liſt you can,
Report ſome probable poſſibility, how
And which way I got my extaſie:
Let me alone to make your words ſeeme truth,
And ſo poſſeſſe my prating Mountebanke,
That he ſhall ſay and ſweare I'me mad at leaſt,
If not paſt all recovery.

Tom. Will this doe?

Val. This, or none.

Tom. Then none.
Why this is the ſhalloweſt, indirecteſt courſe to win a Woman that ever was compos'd, in my opinion.

Val. In your opinion: why ſir?

Tom. Why, hope you to gaine her thus with a mad fit: marke the event, this is a courſe as wide: Are you ſo ſimple to imagine, ſhe a timerous woman, will endure your preſence, ſeeming poſſeſt? for ſhame believe it not, invent ſome other meanes.

Lodw. I verily thinke ſo too, but he will never bee perſwaded.

Tom. This were a way to ſcare her, and to make her ſhun you.

Lodw. Leav't off, leav't off, and ſtudy ſome other new paſſage.

Tom. Doe, doe; this is the groſſeſt: fie *Vallentius*:

Lodw. Come, you ſhall pardon him once: wee all miſſe ſometimes.

Val. Good gallants doe not ride me, leſt I gall you: Ile aſſure you I trot hard: why my brace of conceits, my wits; what does your abundance of wit runne at waſte: for ſhame, have you ſo poore a braine, and you my moſt exquiſite ex-

cellent, for ſhame take off your ſpectacles and ſee better: are you ſuch a dunce: are you ſo rare a Coxcombe, to deeme I will appeare alwaies the ſame: are you the men you promiſt? will you be Maſters of your words and oaths, tender your vow'd aſſiſtances?

Lodw, I am *Lodwicke* ſtill.

Tom. And I *Tomaſo*.

Val. Continue ſo: what ſhall redound upon this adventure, falls upon my head, be it no ſhame to yours: onely preferment and your ſmooth appologies.

Lod. Leave that to us.

Tom But can you act the mad-man bravely?

Val. Tut, I have play'd *Ajax*, and perform'd the part wel, to make boaſt of imitation, better than he that *Lucian* writes of, who ſo digeſted what he plaid, that he run mad indeed.

Tom. Can you do't?

Val. So well, as *Æſop* could diſcharge his Scene, whereby he won moſt laud.

Lod. This praiſe were well in me.

Val. Miſtruſt not my behaviour, and if it prove not correſpondent to my word, thinke me an idle vanter, and no meet aſſociate for you.

Tom. When put we this in practice?

Val. There's no deferring weekes, nor dayes, this houre, this very evening does my fit begin.

Lod. Shall we about it then?

Val. What elſe, what elſe? Remember gentlemen you fall not upon the ſcandall of Ignorance: but in any caſe keep your countenances.

Lodw. Make no doubt of that.

Val. Come then, and fortune friend us. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Franciſco, *and* Antonio, *in a Grove.*

Fran. Draw your ſword.

Ant. 'Gainſt whom?

Fran. 'Gainſt me.

Ant. 'Gainſt any living man thats your enemy:

What

What ailes my deare *Francisco*?
By your face you should not be in health.
Fran. Draw your sword.
Ant. What meane you? *Fran.* Draw your sword.
Ant. 'Gainst you never in anger:
Are you well *Franciscus?* me thinkes your cheeke
Carries a paler hue than wont to be his Livery.
Fran. I must fight with you.
Ant. With me.
Fran. With thee perfideous monster, with thee thou *Iudas*.
Ant. Are you your selfe?
Fran. Thou hast abused me, wronged me.
Ant. I wrong'd and abus'd you?
Franciscus, can you think so of me?
Fran. Doe not enquire; yonder he sits knowes all:
Look yonder, thou art to him transparent, and seen through,
As easie as the aire: doe not cloak thy vice, doe not:
See'st thou this? see'st thou the place we tread on?
Marke my speech, one of us twaine, or both (never start)
On this cold earth, this very Champion, shall
Offer up a crimson sacrifice of his most precious blood:
For that cause drew I to this silent shade,
Remote from all suspition, where
Revenge might glut with satisfaction:
Draw thy sword, or else thou never shalt.
Ant. Did not my love prohibit,
Thinke, *Francisco*, I could not be a Coward,
Nor endure the opprobrious taunts the malice
Of your heart has made your tongue throw on me;
Why I know not: believe me, and receive it for a truth,
Were you some other, in this wide vast world,
And not *Franciscus*, you had beene a dogge
That I had kickt long since; but you are my friend,
And my disgrace is buried: yet if you carry honour
In your breast, and beare your wonted venerable mind,
Make me to understand from whence, or why your
Comminations & undecent language point thus at me alone?

Fran. Will you draw?

Ant. Do you thirst for bloud? if so, and mine, hide to the hilts your naked instrument, my bosome is your mark: thrust home and take your fill.

Fran. Will you draw?

Ant. You had mine answer, never, never.

Fran. Do you not love my wife?

Ant. Yes, by Heaven.

Fran. Confesse, ô impudence! my wrong cryes out, no more expostulation, remember *Iulio*.

Ant. Wherefore him, he is a Toad more virulent, oh, oh!

Fran. Bathe there, adulterate fiend, and thy red drops wash off thy guilty stains.

Enter Hermite and Shepheard.

Ant. Oh, some charitable creaure!
Francisco, dear *Francisco*. *Exit.*
No pittie, no remorse, I bleed, and much effusion robs me of my breath, something of sence relieve me, help, ô help.

Shep. That dying tune, was sure a mans, where art thou friend, speak thou that cryd'st for help, if thou wouldst have thy wish, speak once again: where art thou?

Ant. Here.

Shep. To one in thy case could I nere lesse wish, then health and mercy, how fare you sir?

Ant. Oh! Oh!

Shep. His utterance is decayed, and life begins to creep out of his wounds: let me see, so many, and so mortall! can I but stay the course I wish no more: have I nothing left, to stay this passage: well, yet still hee breathes, that I had here some help. Thy aid Omnipotent, yet his pulses beat, life is not quite discharged, ——— no succour! keep he but motion, till I can beare him to my Cell, I doubt not, his recovery: this winde, this winde, that my Balmes were here: for my youthfull dayes heaven lend ability. *Exit.*

He carries him off.

Enter

Enter Crissippus, Tomaso, Lodwick, Iulio, Cornelia, *and* Phemone.

Cris. Run to all brief confusion.

Lod. Good, sir, be pacified.

Cris. Even in the pride, and noon time of his fortunes, brought to destruction thus: a milder, better tempered Gentleman, *Venice* nor *Europe* yielded; his knowledge made me proude, and I was rich in his adoption.

Corn. O my *Franciscus*, ô my gentle Lord!

Phe. My brother, my deare brother.

Cris. My sonne, my sonne, so noble, valiant, wise, dearer to me then him I call mine owne by true succession, doe you weep?

Iulio. I am not blest, all things doe sort contrary; 'twill not do, my projects thrive not, would I had been silent, wee know the first, but not the last, I begin to perceive our policies oftimes whets the Axe, cuts off our own necks; I have undone my selfe, that it should come to this, wee seeke to mend so long, that we marre all: for mine own part, would I could have been content: but who would have dreamt the course would have proved so violent: well this I am sure on, I may starve ere I get such another friend.

Tom. Sister, if it be true, as so the rumour goes, you have playd false, and wronged your dearest friend: you are not worthy such another man, you sole Queene of *Africk*; had you to live as many ample yeares as our first fathers, or their ages thrice: you might spend all those tedious houres twice told, ere you finde a Mate so worthy, were you equivalent, in birth and beauty, and had no paralell: *Neptunes* gems to boot, you want worth and excellencie both, to weigh down his demerit; Vertue and Honour stampt him for their own, at his first being, and the Graces strove to increase his plenitude. More perfection then he has, hee needs not, where ere he's betook.

Corn.

Corn. Somthing that's mighty, ſtain me Leopard like, if ere I gave offence.

Iulio. I ſhould be loath to wiſh ſo.

Criſ. Not you offend? look here,
This letter left he as a teſtimony,
Who is there here, 'mongſt all this company,
That knew *Franciſcus*, knew not he affected,
And highly priz'd the ſlain *Antonio*?
What could have rais'd ſuch deadly enmity?
But this, but this, thou ſtrumpet,
Between ſuch twinlike friends?
Thy miſdemeanour, thy approved falſneſſe;
Which too, too well he knew,
Thou haſt undone him,
Fled he is and gone;
His goods already ſeiz'd are for the State;
And die he ſhall if ever he be took,
Oh, fie upon thee my perpetuall ſhame!

Corn. Can you this behold, you upright Juſtices?

Criſ. Thou art not mine, I here deny thy claime,
And warn thee hence-forth,
Come not neere my roofe:
Pine, ſtarve and die, reliefe and comfort
Never more expect from him that was thy father.

Iulio. 'Tis nothing I ſee, to work the diſſolution of a houſe,
How eaſily this is done?

Criſ. I muſt weep, to deeme
I ſhould be forc'd to be ſo cruell;
More I have to ſay, if teares would let me;
(Me thinks) I could both kiſſe and curſe her:
If ſhe be wrong'd, and through ſome make-ſtrife,
Theſe foule ills prove a greater plague,
Then fell in *Egypt*, light on the Authors head,
The maws of Dogs be his Tombe:
Help me to curſe him *Iulio*.

Iulio, Ten thouſand ſwords ſtrook me together.

Lod. Liv'd there ſuch a wretch,
And that I knew him,
Let my faith not ſave me,
But I would teare the Viper with my teeth,
And like a rude and ſavage Caniball,
Eate out his treacherous heart.
Iulio. Now the foule Devill, ſtuffe thy glutnous paunch,
I am no viand for thee?
Lod. Who's this comes here, *Arbaces*?

Enter Arbaces, *with two or three Gentlemen.*

Arba. Diſgrace and woe ſmite all this company, and make them feele my griefe.
Criſ. Diſgrace, contagion, and what can be worſe,
Smite thee and all thy tribe.
Arba. Undone, undone, where is *Anthony*?
Where's my ſonne *Criſippus*?
Criſ. Anſwer thine own words;
Where's mine *Arbaces*?
Arba. Where ſuch a Villain ——
And fell murtherer ſhould.
Lod. More charity for ſhame.
Criſ. Sorrow gripe my heart till it be bloudleſſe,
But what thou ſpeak'ſt is falſe;
A more ſlanderous lye never left the lips of any.
Arba. Lye?
1 *Gent.* Sir, be perſwaded.
Criſ. Tell not me, Ile prove it on him, *Arbaces*, boy ——
Arba. That we were alone.
Lod. Well ſaid, old Lad.
Arba. Shew thy ſelf a man, meet me to morrow.
Lod. Good, ſir, forbeare.
Criſ. Not meet him.
1 *Gent.* Will you be entreated?
Criſ. Give me leave.

Lod.

Lod. Will you be pacified?
Crif. Meet thee, yes I will meet thee;
I dare meet a man: *Arbaces* thou ſhalt finde it.
Arba. Come, you are a prater.
Crif. Prate; ye ſhall heare from me.
Toma. With reverence of your age, good ſir,
You want of that diſcretion and ſtayd judgement;
Your yeares and place requires: It is not well,
One of your reputation and report,
Should ſo forget your ſelf: to be plain,
You lack advice; and this ſame cavillation,
Meerly provok'd by you.
Proclaymes a loud your inconſiderate folly.
Arba. Sir, ſir; check your own: ——
You never loſt a ſonne, and cannot
Ayme at my affections and paternall care:
You have undone me ——
Robb'd me of my joy.
Toma. You are not right conſiderate,
Who has undone you ſir?
Arba. You, you, and ſhee, and every one of you;
The puniſhment for murder fall on all your heads,
And blaſt your terrene hopes:
Cruell, cruell, butchery.
Waſt not ſufficient that he took his life,
As by his own confeſſion;
Undid his wofull mother and my ſelf,
But he muſt practice more
Immanly, more dire auſterity;
Throwing his breathleſſe trunk
In ſome obſcure night-ſhaded Manſion,
A prey for ravenous beaſts;
Where never eye of creature rationall,
Shall more behold him: unchriſtian part,
If there be juſtice, above or here;
As certainly there's both: Ile petition,

My

My lowd complaints ſhall pierce both ſides o'the globe,
And ſtrike a ſorrow in the rudeſt thing,
Nature for mans uſe moulded:
O! my *Antonio?* my joy, my life;
My deare, my deare *Antonio*: *Exit.*

Lod. There's cauſe for this.

Criſ. Sure, ſure, how fond was I
That could not weigh this before;
Having his proper cauſe,
If for ſome not ſlaughtred,
Nor mine own, but by ſelection,
I could ſigh my age, ſhed flouds of teares,
Meet dangers in my ſhirt, bid conquering
Death defiance, if all this and more I durſt attempt,
For one no otherwiſe, then mine by law;
Needs muſt he rave paſt rules of Manhood,
And forget all precepts that ſupport his ſuffrance:
See you this? What think you of your ſelf?
Have you not done well? account thou ſcandall,
That like the Whore of *Greece*,
Was teem'd for mans deſtruction;
Thy ſin upon thy ſelf, my doore is ſhut;
That hoſpitality I ſhew a ſtranger,
Shall be reſtrained from thee.

Corn. Moſt courteous ſir, ——— expect more.

Criſ. Keep your Oriſons to charm relenting beggers.
Such in need, as may thy wants relieve;
Or at leaſt ſympathy thy mournfull tale,
When fierce diſtreſſe ſmiles,
Expect more comfort from the bluſtring North,
When he does blow the higheſt Acorn head
Down to the Medow, and there dips his cup;
Then leaſt relief from me, for thee;
For thee chaſt Maid, all benifons,
And goodneſſe, that I can, command and have.

Phe. Your liberality was ever ſuch,
As merits more then thanks; yet thus far,

Truth emboldens me to say you are too cruell kinde,
Not all the proofs,
What ere incenst my brother to his rage;
Can wean me to that vain opinion,
To think it her desert: I dare protest for her,
No perswasion can drive belief in me,
To call *Antonio* false; if you prove so cruell,
So unnaturall as you speak, there is no pitty in you:
Nor are you such as a father ought to be,
Thrust her out, then turn me off;
If you supplant one, you extirpus both,
And her extreams are mine.

Cris. Since you disdain my proffer'd courtesie,
Together shelter your necessities;
Take up your habour with the hardy beast;
These gates are lockt to her and her relievers;
Hence forth I will forget her,
Blot her name forth of the Bedroule
Where my children stand,
And vow I had none such:
Hence, hence, thou scandall, *Exit.*

Cor. Thus guiltlesse ones suffer the guilties blame,
While they triumph in fraude, thus the strict Judge
Condemnes th'innocent for the thieves offence;
Whilst partiality allows his wrong,
And greatnesse makes it good:
Will equity never take place again?
Has trust left swaying here? that I but knew my crime!
Or that *Francisco* but beheld my heart!
Let mine eyes rain a river of salt drops,
And my tears drown me, if any foule sin of mine,
Deserve *Francisco's* hate;
I had rather heaven had made me any thing,
Then one so much unhappy,
When ere thou bidest on the plenteous shore,
Or labouring floud,
Prosperity adhere to thy proceedings,

And fame conclude thy deeds,
For me despised, such be my fortune as my loyalty,
And I request no more,
My sweet, my sweet *Francisco.* *Exit.*
Phe. Heaven do thee right.
Lod. And if thou beest not honest,
There's neither pride nor coozenage in this Citie:
If every conscience were well searcht,
And you did not finde
Some dainty fine conceited Rogue
Has been tempering,
Let me return to my Cradle,
And be hang'd in my swadling clouts.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Vallentius, *and Doctors Wife,* Lodowick, Tomaso, *and* Julio.

Sound Musick.

Tomaso.

THink you it so?
Lod. Yes, and verily believe't.
Toma. Tis strangly carried.
Lod. Mark the end, marke the end;
Why do you sigh, *Signior?*
Are you troubled with the Crampe?
Toma. O, blame him not, he has good cause to sigh,
Francisco set by him precious: How fare you, *Signior?*
Iulio. Never worse, my Friend's undone.
Lod. I, a mischiefe and a vengeance oth' cause, by this sword, nay, feare not man, I am not angry, and I could not judge; well, I say no more: but if hee did not walke on

Stilts, I do deteſt eating and drinking, and thoſe are two neceſſaries, a man can hardly live well without them.

Toma. The very Paragon, mirrour of the time.

Lod. If I could not have wept when I beheld her, and that was more then I did at the death of my father, I have no beliefe in me.

Toma. Who but ſhe, the wonder of our age.

Lod. No more words, mark the end, marke the end; I ſay, ſtill mark the end.

Toma. I muſt leave you.

Lod. Not as the wench left the *Frenchman* in the ſuds, there's neither mettle nor ſociety in thee; if thou abandon'ſt my company, till we have viſited *Valentius*.

Toma. I wonder how he ſpeeds?

Lod. Did he not act the madman to the life, was't not wel? could ever a Dunſticall Doctor in this Towne, have pickt falſhood out of his behaviour: he was ſo mutable, ſo full of varying tricks (me thinks) I ſee him yet.

Toma. Defer your viſitation till to morrow, or late ſometime to night: I am yet unfit, this ſudden trouble has made me not my ſelfe.

Lod. Nay, you muſt goe; I have ſworne you ſhall, and (that preſently.

Toma. I pray you pardon me.

Lod. I will not be deny'd, refuſe me now and ever.

Toma. Youle have your humour ſtill?

Lod. What, eſchew acquaintanceſhip? forget, After my moſt hearty commendations, my very truſty friend, 'Twere ſin and ſhame *Tomaſo*.

Toma. But ſome other time.

Lod. This time, ſometime, other times, and all times, this day, yeſterſtay, tother day, and every day; no houre amiſſe, march on, march on. *Exit.*

Julio. I could launch my Dagger through my ſide, at one caſie throw: begger my friend; ſubvert mine owne eſtate, and undo her, by whom I hope to climbe, accurſed, brainles ſlave: could the damn'd Devill with all his fire-brands, beat into my pate no ſounder ſubtilty. I had, I had reliefe, Foole

vaunt

vaunt of that? boast what thou hadst? or might have? tis past, 'tis gone, my villaine selfe, confounded has my selfe, and him that did sustaine me:
What choaks Corne sooner than side-fed weeds,
Who ofter does man wrong than he afeeds:
Let me ponder; have I no other invention?
No trick to take away my life, after my meanes:
Study upon't, I'me strooke upon a sand,
Swallow'd, devowr'd, through wilfull ignorance,
Never to rise againe: 'tis a villaines cast,
First to sinke others, them himselfe at last.

Enter Valentius *and Doctors wife.*

Val. You cannot blame me neither:
For *Iove* himselfe undertooke more for love;
Had you been tangled in a Labyrinth more intricate
Than held the *Minataure*, or have beene
By Inchantments bound to servitude,
My life's adventure had my love exprest,
And offered the release.
Doct. wife. Our plighted amities will dwell in me
While life endures; the many winters, & the tedious hours
We two have spent alone, alone *Vallentius*,
When nothing but what was not fit the Sunne
Should look upon,——Alacke my Husband.

Enter Doctor, Thomaso, Lodwicke, Stultissimo, *and* Fub.

Val. It must not be denyed, He maintaine't before the Synod, here's my witnesse: was't not well done of brave *Caligula* to make his horse a Senator? deny't, deny't, would not a good horse shew well among a teame of Asses: ha, what thinke you: give me another sword: O noble *Hector*, looke, *Achilles* flyes, and bloody *Pyrrhus* shrinkes.
Tom. Alas, alas.
Val. What newes, what newes?

Stul. Gentlemen he takes me for a Carrier: You are deceived sir, I am not the party.

Val. Will *Pluto* keep his word, shall all extortioners, engrocers, usurers, be finely damn'd, of what kind soe're? will he spare none?

Lod. Wondrously spent.

Val. Let me see, let me see, the sonne of *Panace*, a sprightly Lad; *Hercules*, a lusty youth; a very lusty youth; *Sampson*, a tall young man, a very tall young man.

Lod. Does he not do't well?

Val. Ile make thee proov't, Ile make thee proov't.

Fub. I thinke you are mad:
What shall I prove?

Val. Why greatest generalls, that command whole Legions, and traine, and keepe in order every man, cannot keepe in a woman.

Fub. That's an easie question, because most of them get Follies wings, and grow so light there's no ho with them: they must flye out.

Val. Hang them, they are naught all: Tell not me learned *Ovidius Naso*, what's your name.

Doct. Good sir.

Val. That bloody villaine: Treason gentlemen, call up a Guard, the traytor's discovered: binde him sure, sure: are you tooke napping sirrah: Downe with him, downe with him, downe.

Doct. Helpe, helpe, helpe Gentlemen.

Vallentius *beates him in, the gentlemen would come between.* Exit *all but the Doctors wife.*

Fub. I doe not like this. Fub *goes off another way.*

Enter Valentius *againe, and kisses her.*

Val. Now my sweet I have sent him off in post,
Let us retire the while.
Who in affection will not his wits prove,
Was never loyall, nor did ever love.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Past, past cure, I doubt. Give me leave, I finde by my

my Art 'tis no *Vertiga*, no whirling, but a meere setled frenzy: Nay I pray you give me leave: for as both *Hypocrates*, and *Gallen*, *Avicen*, *Podalirius*, *Rucis*, *Cornelius*, *Celsus*, *Corannus*, *Augustino*, and *Rombart*, doe you conceive mee? besides a dozen or two of English-men, most learned and worthy Physitians (if I knew what they were) have demonstrated paraphrastically, both it and the cause, styling the malady the digestion of the braine, or *Irrevocabilis ignis*, the irrevocable fire: Nay, will you understand me?

Lod. Would we could.

Doct. I pray you give me leave.

Tom. Who hinders him?

Stul. Sir if you can speake our tongue, I would very faine be beholding to you.

Doct. Art thou mad?

Stul. Not altogether mad, though I confesse I have beene prickt with the thornes of Love: I have beene over shooes in my dayes.

Doct. Avoydance, for charity avoydance.

Stul. Yes marry shall you: I would desire you to helpe me to a pill, or a potion that could make one honest, that I doubt is a little gone astray.

Doct. Avaunt, avaunt.

Stult. No sir, she is none of my naunts: shee's one that must be my wife.

Doct. Turbulant fiend: avaunt, avaunt I charge thee.

Stul. I would have it applyed sir.

Doct. Illiterate dunce, abandon my house, avaunt I say againe.

Stul. Nay, I pray you be quiet, for though I have endured many hard words at your hands, I shall hardly brooke blowes.

Enter Fub.

Fub. Good gentlemen give me leave to laugh ha, ha, ha, the Doctors wife, and the Mad-man: the mad-man, and the Doctors wife.

Fub.

Lod. Why, what's the matter?

Fub. Why sir, the fits upon him, and he's upon her, and younder's such sport, ha, ha, ha.

Doct. Fire and Thunder. *Exit.*

Fub. Runne: ware hornes.

Tom. Is this true sirrah?

Fub. Follow the Doctor, believe your eyes.

Lod. Beware the trap *Valentius*.

Tom. Pray heaven he be not tane with nibbing.

Lod. Why are you melancholy Signior?

Stul. Faith sir I'me troubled with cornes, and ever against raine they make me so melancholy ——

Lod. Is that it, for the thing you spake on, you shall not be beholding to the scald peremptory Doctor: Come to my Chamber anon, and Ile give you a powder shall fulfill your request, as well as all the potions or Pills he can devise.

Stult. Nay, but will you be constant.

Lod. Say no more:

Stul. And you doe take my word, while I live: She and I will be at your service: when shall I come for't?

Lod Any time after noone. Will you walk *Tomaso?*

Stul. This is good newes with all my heart: *Fub* we are all made; thou shalt have a new Livery out of the bargaine.

Fub. I thanke you sir, I would I had it.

Stul. Thou shalt, thats as good: would I were whipt but I could be monstrous merry now.

Fub. No I pray you bee not monstrous merry till you are married.

Stul. Ile goe give thee a pottle of Sack.

And ever he gave her a bob,
And ever he gave her a blow:
But where he knockt her once above,
He thumpt her thrice below.

The Taverne Sceane.

What wil't not doe? prethee let's be lusty.

Fub. As a Crow in a Gutter. Run there she goes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio, *and the old shepheard disguised.*

Ant. Father, for so I must stile you,

You

Your care and paines in my recovery,
Deſerves a recompence more than I am able to performe :
Now I conſider with my ſelfe, had we compaſſionate ſoules,
Or were men but good, they would baniſh beggery
The World quite over, and every one have ſufficient.
As hitherto you have conceald my courſe,
Continue ſtill your wonted ſecreſie,
Call me your ſonne, and ſuch appoyntments as a father
Should command me to endure I ſhall performe :
Bleſſed, bleſſed be you : effectuall be my prayers.

Shep. The longer time you ſojourne here with me
The more welcome : nothing more I crave ;
But if I dye while you recide i'th' grove,
Out of your charity you'le take the paines
To lay me in the grave I have prepar'd, and with your hand,
Your foote, or any thing, caſt duſt upon my body,
And ſpend a little Ceremony.

Ant. More than this I will, and more than I will ſpeak,
Franciſco, wherſoe're thou bideſt, abide in quiet,
And have my pardon ever. If thou be'ſt fled
For any cauſe of mine, and I thy ruine prove,
Defend it heaveu, were't not for triall of *Phemone's* love,
And promis'd conſtancy, how ſoone would I renounce
My habitatiation ; uncloath thy feare, & ſet all even againe?
Nothing 'mazes, nor drives me into that ſerious
Contemplation, as whence his wrath ſhould proceed.
Perchance *Franciſcus* thinkes me unfit to call him brother,
And his ſuddaine rage proceeded from advice :
If it be ſo for ever will I keep this ſhady bower,
And never hold companionſhip with man,
More than is preſent, forget *Arbaces* ever
Cal'd me his, or that I was his ſonne.
Circle me ſafety, what are theſe come here
Where never neighbourd welt ?

Enter Corn. and Phemone diſguiſed.

Corn. Calamity could not inflict ſo much as I could beare
With patienee, did *Franciſcus* imagine but the truth :
No lenity, but all extreames that may

Attend me with their ſharpeſt violence,
If e're I broke my vow : this ſorrow,
Nor the haviour I ſuſtaine are for mine owne endurings,
Witneſſe you that know all ſecrets,'tis for him
I wiſh thrice better than my ſelfe.

Ant. Yes,and that *Cornelia*; as ſure as the black Ouſell
Has a yellow mouth,that whiſtles me awake.
Tis ſhe,or I am fond.

Corn. O my *Franciſcus!* O my dereſt Lord!

Ant. There needs no more for confirmation :
What make they here? Doe not undoe me wonder.
Ne're had two ragged coats more orient pearles,
Than you two ſhells doe hide : 'tis ſhe,or I am fond,
Leap not forth with joy, ſuch needy robes
Should wrap the ſhoulders of neceſſity,
When winter falls the Leafe : happy *Antonio*,
I am diſguiſed,and ſo,if that my ſpeech reveale not,
Without ſuſpect I may obtaine my wiſh,
And have all doubts reſolv'd : Ile greet 'em.

Bonny wight,what e're you be,
Lucke be in your company :
Are you Sylvanus,*ſay to me ?*

Phem. None ſuch, good Shepheard.

Ant. *Deft and trim ones mickle glee,*
Be you what you pleaſe to be,
Some diſaſter tend by yee,

Corn. Never,never more.

Phe. A me unfortunate.

Ant. *Welladay,now by my Creed,*
And my merry Oaten Reed,
Sike another rouſing ſigh
Would well ſplit me gay and blith :
Let a loutiſh Clowne partake,
Why this ſobbing dole you make ?

Corn. O inconſtant world.

Phe. A me unfortunate.

Ant. *Wonderment of woe relate*

If simplenesse you might not scorne,
How you hapt to be forlorne.

Corn. The story would be too tedious for the time,
And would undoe the speaker: Friend no more,
You shall doe well to leave us.

Ant. *Be not all too keene, bright starre,*
If my pertnesse went too farre,
Mercy is the doome I sue,
Good things never meant more true,
Than the silly shepheard did,
Late wen he your sorrow bid:
Discourse the meanes merry Pan,
And the sagest gods doe scan;
Wherefore was it? well a neare,
Yon foule mucky cloud I feare
Will besprint us, Pœbus *twaine,*
If so list you but to daine
A poore shepheards entertaine,
Welcome should you be, I wisse,
Nor thing comely should you misse,
Though not courtly: answer make,
Will you my small feasting take?

Phem. The raine begins to fall;
Sister accept the Shepheards courtesie,
His simplenesse cannot but meane well sure.

Corn. Even what you please:
Whither I goe, or wheresoe're I rest,
Sorrow with me, and I with sorrow feast.

Welcome, welcome, welcome still,
Never with a freer will
Was welcome spoken, by the skie;
Welcome, welcome heartily.
Alacke, alacke, the rotten south
'Gins to ope his dewy mouth,
Time to hide you: Father meeke
Give kind welcome, I beseeke,
To these white ones, bonny girles,
Welcommer than heaps of Pearles.

Sheph. You see our Cave, and make as bold as welcome.
— *Exeunt.*

Anto. Receive my adorations Queene of chance,
Thou never gav'st that jewell to that man, was halfe so wel esteem'd ; my hopes have their desires, *Phemone*, blest successe ; nothing that's amisse, but I shall understand : disguise I thanke thee, joy ties up my tongue, and will not let mee speake ; they part not soone. *Exit.*

Enter Franciscus *disguised.*

Fran. What Angle of the Earth must be my grave ?
The Sea and Sunne have bounds, and know their course,
The sonnes of men have none :
Limitlesse he wanders the forraigne desarts,
And begets more wonders every houre :
The Chime that tells the last minuite of the night,
Chides but in vaine when every thing's a sleepe;
So I in the relation of my woe, when no man hearkens,
Spend but idle breath, and never finde reliefe.
But for increase sake, I could wish devoutly,
I never had knowne woman :
What comfort ever others reapt from them,
They have beene plagues to me : to note the difference,
They are such things, nothing's more worse, nor better ;
To say truth, they are Angels, and Devils ;
I will not curse 'em, lest I make them worse
That needs no badnesse, nor rip up their defects,
Lest I spend all my after time of life in nothing else but that.
Iulio, the profit of my Orisons be thine,
Where e're I spend 'em, upright constant man :
Yet I am eas'd, in that I doe not beare my slavish yoake,
Cocker mine infamy, as many doe within our *Venice* gates :
Thanks to thee *Iulio* ; Chastity, honour of women,
Whither art thou fled ? that they are all so false
I must forget 'em, they will make me mad
To thinke of their abuse : would I could learne

What

What inquiſition is made after me;
Some ſpeech of my concealement will report blab out,
That I may heare the danger does purſue me,
Though I adventure life, I will know more,
Or dye in the preſumption: I'le nearer to the City.

Enter Lodwick, Tomaſo, Iulio, Stultiſſimo, Fub, *the Whoore, and the Bawd.*

Stult. That's a good jeſt yfaith; Drawer, gives more Wine.

Lod. What's a good jeſt Signior?

Stult. That none ſhould be honeſt but the valiant.

Lod. How's that? how's that?

Stult. Why my beetle-brow'd Hoſt ſweares 'tis impoſſible for any to be honeſt, that is not valiant.

Toma. What ſaid he? What ſaid he? *Enter Drawer.*

Stult. That none could be honeſt, that were not valiant.

Toma. O very good, very good: more Wine here, hee's packing, ſet out his hand.

Lod. And his foote too, ere I have done: where's this fellow? another Pottle ſirrah.

Stult. Sir I thanke you for my powder, it gave her halfe a dozen of tickling ſtooles, ſhe has beene looſe ever ſince.

Lod. Give me your hand, here's even now to all the inviſible hornes i'th' City.

Stult. Forget not the Countrey, let it go round I pray you.

Lod. A health.

Fub. You'le have reaſon to pledge this ſhortly.

Stult. Will you come? to morrow is the day Ile aſſure you, for better or worſe.

Lod. To morrow from better to worſe?

Fub. Yes faith he has ſaid it, and I ſweare it, from better to worſe indeed.

Toma. Married to morrow Signior?

Stult. You have ſaid we ſhall be doing.

Fub. Vndoing he meanes.

Toma. So neare marrying *Clariflora*, and not acquaint your friend? yfaith I thought Mistris you would have let me understood what had past.

Bawd. 'Tis my part to conceale.

Fub. She were no good Bawd else.

Lod. Come, sit round, sit round, to morrow the day?

Stult. Pardon me, Ile not sit next this lousie fellow: gentlemen, what doe you with this poore rogue in your companies? Does he come to make mirth, can hee play the foole wittingly?

Lod. I know him not.

Toma. Would he were set downe staires, I never could endure him from the first: *Franciscus* made me know him.

Stult. Sirra, if you meane to depart in peace, begon suddainly.

Toma. Would the Asse could rid this intruding Copesmate.

Iulio. Let me beseech you.

Stult. You shall goe, your prayers cannot save you; *Fub*, shew him the way downe.

Fub. Shall I be your Vsher? will you follow your leader sir?

Iulio. Thus poverty's despis'd at home, abroad, and in all companies.

Stult. A whorson Tatred-demallion, come amongst Gentlemen of sort. What, is't no more but up and ride? How now *Fub*, is he vanisht?

Fub. The Drawers have drawne him out Sir.

Lod. Clinke boyes.

Toma. Drinke boyes.

Stult. And let the Cannikin clinke boyes.

Lod. Stultus.

Stult. Yes *Lodwick*.

Lod. Tomaso, shall's make a night on't mad lads?

Toma. And a mad night too Bullies: where shall's strike saile?

Lod. The Leaguer, where but a'th' new Leaguer: there's generous

generous entertainment for Gallants of sort at all times: and for entrance trust me my mates.

Toma. But money grows low, and expences will flye high.

Stult. Fly hye, let it, I have a jacke in a boxe shall pay for all one day.

Lod. I am as full as a Spunge, I cannot sinke up a drop more.

Stult. No matter, we can squeeze some more out thus: we can wake the Constable, trouble the neighbours, disquiet the Master and whole family; spill his Wine, puffe his Tobacco, foule his roomes, practise who shall breake most holes, and cleanliest, in the bottome of quart-pots, with a piece of a Tobacco-pipe: cry good morrow mine Host, we ha' made a madde night on't I vow, and so trance; wee are no Gallants and we cannot doe this.

Lod. But this course is either conscionable, or commendable.

Tom. Faith 'tis the course, most of the corke-headed Candle-snuffes walke in these latter daies, late at nights.

Lod. Well, let them rest: So, ho, the Leaguer.

Munk. Chi-va-lah.

Lod. *Amice.*

Munk. The word.

Lod. *Pecima largienda.*

Munk. Let 'em passe: downe with the Percullis: Lights and attendance, welcome Gentlemen.

Enter Iulio, Drawer, Pusse, Bawd.

Iulio. I ever said, it might come in a night, that came not in an age; *Et ecce noctem fælicem*; see, that joviall night is come: They have beene playing high, and potting deepe: Lights, Wine, and more stooles for these Gentlemen; welcome.

Enter Lodowick, Tomaso, Stultissimo, *and* Fub.

Lod. *Tomaso* when's the day?

Stult.

Stult. Assure's this the night before to morrow, I have brought in my Estate a matter of 400 pound *per annum*, in Deeds, Leases, Fee-simple, and Coppy-hold already: and that's no simple Estate youle say: I meane to bid you welcome to a Leaguer of mine own shortly Gentlemen; some wine you Scondrils.

Lod. I'me pleas'd to here't, whose faults this, yours *Tomaso*?

Enter Julio.

Iulio. What's this Leaguer rayſed yet, Par la ho boy, I thought we should have had a second siege of *Troy* on't, is their Reckoning paid? not a penny, they call'd for one, but in such a drunken key; I bad em sleep upon't, and I would tell em more on't when they were sober.

Iulio. Best of all, and whats to pay then?

Draw. Nine and six pence, Sir, allowance for lights, linnen, coals to light faggots: and six pence for one journymans sleep only deducted; and yet they grumbled too.

Iulio. But nine and six pence, and grumble; my friend the reckoning's not payd you say.

Monk. Not a penny.

Iulio. The reckoning but nine and six pence, how poorely this shews, in a Leaguer too, and friends that pretended me a courtesie too? How many joynts of meat to supper?

Draw. Only a couple of clean Pipes, some three times fild I thinke.

Iulio. No meat, come to hansell a Leaguer, what no meat? Are they abed at *Anthonies* Ordinary yet?

Draw. Two houres ago.

Iulio. Step down, and see, nine and six pence, they must and shall heare more of this: we may go beg, or buy up all the, refuse, broken bread and meat, scraps, offall, and garbage that Cooks shops, Shambles, Ordinaries, Entries, and Richmens dores afford; nine and six pence, if they do not heare more of this ———

Draw.

Draw. Tis past that time of night; *Charitie*'s a bed, sir, but if not.———

Enter Bread and Meatman.

Bread. Bread and meat for poore prisoners, Bread & meat.

Iulio. What doth that fellow cry?

Bread. Bread and meat for the poor prisoners, bread & meat.

Iulio. For poore prisoners? as fit for my purpose, as a Conny for a Pursnet; here, take mony, buy his provision by the lumpe: if I had studied for a fortune to fall upon me, I could not have had a fairer.

Monk. Wilt thou victuall thy Leager with scraps, sweet Chuck?

Iulio. No, my sweet *Monkie*, I have further aymes then so, this broken meat and baggage offall, will I strew in my Kitchin, Dressers, Hall, Entries, and every doore and draw-window, and perspicous places about the house: foule all the vessell, three or foure times over, all to besmeere the rustie spits and dripping-pans; breake all my broken glasses, beat the bottom out of my Cans: beat all my foul Tobacco-pipes, into stoppers.

Monk. And to what end all this?

Iulio. Per-la-hay, My friends shall hear more of that in the reckoning, my sweet *Monkie*: when the Drunkards shall wake, and see all these ruines, or rather remayns of a plentifull Leager: Oh, hast thou no apprehension? Why, I tell thee, they cannot choose out of their generous bounties, but see all discharg'd?

Within. A cup of six, Drawer.

Iulio. Oh, the Leager begins to rise! Come *Monkie* a few directions for you in private, give you attendance on the Leager; let em call for what they will, and want nothing they call for: only I will tell em no more of nine and sixe pence in the reckoning.

Monk. But for the nine and six pence.

Iulio. *Monkie*, you shall heare more of that anon, when they are sober? why Drawer, Dog, Dunghil-raker; is the Leaguer dry? By and by, a cup of six into the low Leaguer, there.

Wake *Lodwick, Tomasa, Stultissimo, Fub.*

Stult. So, ho, the Leaguer.

Draw. What do ye lack? by and by, do ye call Gentlemen?

Stult. No, and I call'd a Gentleman, he would answer me, I call a Drawer goodman Rascall, art thou one?

Draw. For fault of a better, sir.

Lod. Couldst not ha said so then? where's the Master of the Leaguer? *Enter* Julio.

Iulio. Parlahey *Monkie, bene venu Gallants, com a stato Sigiores mio com I stato.*

Tom. Marry the better for your entertainment; thanks, sir.

Stult. Thank him, I scorn to thank him, He pay him, and be out of his debt: come, to pay? A reckoning Drawer.

Iulio. You Rascall, who takes away here? here's a house bestrewed with garbage and offall, as if the great Inquest had been feasted, &c.

Stult. As good men, to no mans dispraise be it spoken, where's a Bill?

Lod. Prethee knock us not down, afore our time; was this certain feast of our making? what a spoyle of Poultery has here been? *Tomiso*, I must be beholding to thee for this ordinary.

Tomi. Some small trifle *Stultissimo*, the Reckoning is thought to be.

Stult. The Reckoning's very high, nine pound six shillings.

Iulio. Nine pound six shillings, Parlahey, and yet I use you like Christians too boyes.

Lod. Nine pound six shillings, how could wee foure devoure so much being halfe drunk when we came in?

Stult. Why, there's the mistery? you fall asleep with meat in your mouthes, my Mistris and I stood it out.

Monk. Wast not an excellent Swan-pie? Servant.

Stult. As ere swam in Mil-dam.

Lod. Nine pound six shillings, one lay out for all, Come,

Come, your purſes Gentlemen.

Stult. And you love me, let me have the credit at this time there's: ten pounds, give me the reſt again (ah, wee had the braveſt Marchpane, and Sugar-candy Cuſtard) or do not, let it run on towards fouling of linnen, and paying for ſawce: the reſt agen, or do———

Iulio. I do not think but you are ſawſt pretty well already, for the Devill a bit of meat ſaw I, and yet all theſe ſcraps could not come of nothing.

Stult. The Reckoning's paid to a haire, come let's withdraw (but while the Room be a little finificald.

Iulio. Parlahey, welcome Gallants to the Leaguer ſtill: pleaſe you withdraw.

All. We accept it thankfully.

Lod. Whoſe fault's this yours *Tomaſo?*

Toma. There wants lap.

Stult. Throw downe the pottle pot, let's have a gallon more.

Enter a Fidler.

Fid. Wilt pleaſe you Gentlemen, to heare any Muſicke, and a good Song?

Lod. Very fain, a good one.

Toma. What's your fellows, whoſe noyſe are you?

Fid. *Ruberts* noyſe, and pleaſe you?

Lod. Call your fellows, and ſtrip your tools.

Tom. Here's to you *Signior.*

Stult. A brace of them if you love me.

Toma. Marry and ſhall.

Draw. Score a gallon of Claret in the Pomegranat.

Fub. What *Tim?*

Draw. Maſter *Fub* I rejoyce to ſee you well.

Lod. You are not merry Gentlewomen, Miſtris *Durable*, what, no mirth?

Draw. And how iſt, how have you done this ſeven yeares, welcome again.

Fub. As you ſee, in perfect memory, when ſhall wee ride the hogſheads?

Draw. Ha, do you remember that night, Ancient *Thumps* health overthrew mee, my Master goes out of Towne next weeke; yfaith and youle come, there's halfe a dozen good boys, weele be swingeing merry, will give him a crash, old *Will* will be here?

Fub. What *Will*?

Draw. Little *Will* of the Miter. Oh, Master *Fub*, *Sis*, our Maid, that gave us the Neats Tongue is gone.

Fub. See, see.

Toma. Some Sugar there?

Fidler. Ha, ha, hum.

In ample stories written tis,
Who list but for to minde it;
How loved Narcissus?
Go look and you shall finde it.

This Eccho was a Nymph most chaste,
A lack, the more the pitty
She should be so, and should not reape:
What follows in my Ditty?

Narcissus *was but young, I wisse,*
But yet of perfect feature,
And had enough to satisfie
A reasonable creature.

His brawny limbes became his parts,
No one of sence could blame them:
And so did something else I trow,
Eccho knew how to name them.

Stult. A vertuous piece of matter, Gentlemen, wee'le no more on't.

Lod. Nay, hold up, *Signior.*

Stult. Bid her hold up, feare not me.

Lod. Come Gentlewomen, shall we have a dance? *Tomaso* what say you?

Tom.

Tom. You prevented me.

Stult. I thought it ſhould have been my motion?

Fub. Wherefore ring thoſe bels?

Stult. Bels, you are deceived, it is the clincking of pots.

Lod. I would have ſworn, it had been Coronation day. Maſters, can you play us *Gaſcoynes Whibling?*

Fidler. Yes, ſir.

Lod. Let's ha't.

Toma. Here lacks a couple, we cannot dance it.

Fub. Lack a couple, what ſerve *Tim* and I for?

Lod. Tis true, well remembred.

Draw. Truly, Maſter *Fub*, I cannot dance.

Fub. Truly, you ſhall learn then.

Draw. I ſhall be willing to endevour.

Toma. Strike.

Stult. Ile throw the pot at his head that ſtrikes heere, Whoſe that will ſtrike? *Hee drinks all the while they dance.*

Stult. Rare yfaith, give's more wine.

Boy. What, *Timothy?*

Draw. By and by.

Boy. Look to the Lion. *He riſes and throws down the table.*

Stult. Ile have my *Galliard* too

Toma. You ſpoyle all.

Clar. How does your head, ſweet heart will you drinke?

Stult. Yes faith, and thank you too, what Rogue's he that turns the Room round? ſhall we not quench our thirſts before we part?

Lod. What elſe my ſweet *Signior*, this is your ſervant?

Cla. Good enough for a property, he will ſerve my turn, as well as a better, I ſhall but uſe his name: do you think I would marry the Coxcombe, but only for colour and feare of the Law? I'de ſee him bak'd firſt.

Bawd. Tis wiſely done of you? and ſo my Goſſip *Slight* could ſay I warrant you.

Lod. Boy, another quart, and bring a Reckoning. Here ſir.

Fidler. Heaven keep your Worſhip.

Lod. In honester company.
Stult. *Fub*, call for a Looking-glasse.
Lod. Did you go the right way?

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. It's a cup of neat wine, Ile assure——
Lod. Mistris to your self, and to our next meeting?
Tom. What's to pay?
Draw. Nine and six pence, and you're welcome.
Tom. How comes that to passe?
Draw. Here's seven groats Glasses.
Lod. How?
Draw. No lesse, Ile assure your Worship.
Lod. Come your mony, *Signior*——*Let's take away and pay together.*
Stult. *Fub*, discharge it *Fub.*
Monk. Some lights, shew the Gentlemen.

Enter and follow with a letter from Vallentius.

Stult. *Fub*, I am ene as full as a Toad.
Fub. Yes, sir, but do not spit your venome.
Stult. Prethee give mee another sip. I am as dry as a Cook.
Fub. So I think.
Stult. A pox a this *Megrum.*
Lod. What's here, I prethee marke *Tomaso*: *Lodwick*, I have my desire: fetch mee off speedily, lest I cure the Doctour? yours *Vallentius*, lest I cure the Doctour.
Tom. What should he mean by this?
Lod. Why, belike he has infused his fit into him, and the Physician's turn'd Patient?
Tom. That's impossible?
Lod. But for *Vallentius.*
Tom. We must redeem him.
Lod. What else.
Tom. Heyda, is the winde in that door? *He reels.*

Fub.

Fub. A link good *Tim*, a link.

Draw. Here's one ready, sir.

Lod. *Signior*, good night. Fub *lights the link.*

Stult. Not a drop more y faith.

Tom. Wee'le take our leaves.

Clar. When shall we see you?

Tom. Somtime to morrow, if my father send not.

Bawd. Good night Master *Lodwick*, good night good, sir.

Fub. Good night *Tim*, remember Friday.

Draw. I warrant you, forget not to bring *Hugh*, Welcome Gentlemen.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter the Doctor and his Wife.

Doctor.

I Speak 't in thunder once again, no more; thou *Babylonian* Strumpet, in thunder I command thee thou lump of sinne, no more.

Wife. Have patience, sir.

Doct. I rore it in thy eares, once more aloud, no more: cannot I deale, but you must be applying, you must be tampering, you must minister: have you not Pils for Potions? do you not traffique? do not you exchange Merchant?

Wife. Good *Vanderman.*

Doct. Sorceresse, I defie thee, and thy deeds of darknes.

Wife. Heare me, sir.

Doct. I have heard and seen too much, has hee not paid you soundly for your pains: no, has he popt you.

Wife. You are deceiv'd.

Doct.

Doct. You say very true, I am deceived indeed, and Fub'd, and Guid, and Rid, and you are Rid too.

Wife. What meane you?

Doct. Here blow it abroad, there's horns enow to do't.

Wife. Why are you thus impatient?

Doct. Dainty fine yfaith, very dainty. Whore thou hast made me monstrous, and I may challenge Gyants: Yes, he shall be your mad-man; Doe you not like his fits, doe you not, doe you not?

Enter Thomaso, Lodwicke, *and* Vallentius,

Amb. Good morrow to you both.

Doct. Why should this be?

Lod. How doe you sir? how does your patient?

Doct. Are you not satisfied? am I a stale? must you have new-found Crochets?

Lod. Doe you heare me sir: is he recovered?

Doct. *Homo Armatus*, a man armed.

Lod. Have you heard the like?

Tom. Me thinks 'tis excellent.

Doc. And when, when shall he plant againe?

Lod. I wish you would understand me, sir.

Doct. Here's a fruitfull soyle.

Tom. Ha, ha.

Lod. Sir, I will be heard, and understood:
Save you Lady: (*he kisses her.*)

Doct. More furies, might, and secresie, whoredome and Theevery bring all to confusion.

Tom. Would we had more of this; we'le see what will come of all.

Lod. I perceive *Vallentius* was i'th' right, he's madde indeede;

Wife. Good Morrow Gentlemen: I have good newes for you; your friend is well.

Lod. Your tidings makes us happy, and gives us a moytie of that content which nothing can doe more.

Tom.

Toma. I ſhall rejoyce to ſee him what hee was, and Maſter of that temper he commanded, when he did dare the vaunting *Bajeſet* for taxing his beliefe. *Enter* Vallentius.

Val. Tomaſo, Lodwick.

Lod. Valentius.

Toma. I am glad to ſee you once again your ſelf.

Lod. You're welcome to your wits.

Val. When time and place ſhall ſerve, my wit ſhall thanke you. I am ever bound to you ſweet Lady.

Tom. Harke you *Lodwick*, are not we partly Bawds?

Lod. Faith in one kinde, we have a ſnatch that way.

Tom. So I ſay partly.

Lod. I muſt confeſſe, partly.

Val. Not remember you, have not that bad opinion, doe not think I can be one ſo falſe by this kiſſe.

Doct. Sibylla. (*He calls within.*)

Wife. Ay me, my husband.

Val. Once again and part.

Doct. Sibylla.

Wife. Farewell, *Valentius.*

Val. A thouſand take with thee.

Tom. What, hungry ſtill *Vallentius*, that you caſt ſuch a greedy eye that way?

Lod. How iſt man? what in a trance?

Val. And kinder far then faire.

Lod. What, ſhall we have a Pamphlet; that he begins to ſtudy? doe you heare *Valentius*: here's a friend of yours would ſpeak with you, when you are at leiſure.

Val. I crave your pardon Gentlemen, as I live ſhe is——

Lod. What's this to the purpoſe? *Exeunt.*

Enter Julio, *and the Mercer with his man.*

Mer. You know my price: for the fineneſſe of the ſilke, the working of the ſtuffe, and the pleaſantneſſe of the colour, the whole ſtreet ſhall not afford you a better, Ile aſſure you tis died in grain.

Julio. The better for him that ſhall wear it, nothing but what's in grain can pleaſe him: let mee ſee, I know not how my mony will reach: the Silkman hath emptied my pocket this morning, but you will bate nothing of your price?

Mer. I proteſt ſir, I cannot, and ſave by it, and I know you would not wiſh me to be a loſer.

Iulio. By no means, I would have every man to live & thrive by what he profeſſeth, it is mine owne caſe: let me ſee, I cannot make up the ſum, I pray you let one of your men ſtep over to the next lane: I lie there at the Barbers, Ile diſpatch him preſently.

Mer. My ſervants are all buſie for the preſent, you ſee my ſhop is full of Cuſtomers, and every one ſtriveth who ſhall be firſt ſerved.

Iulio. And I am in haſte too, for I have ſent for my Tailor to meet me at my lodging, and I am loth to diſappoint him, becauſe I would have his opinion in the ſtuffe.

Mer. I pray you, ſir, be expeditious, and my man ſhall be with you by that time you have told out the mony.

Iulio. I am much obliged to you as a ſtranger, I care not if I accept ———

Mer. Diſpatch me that Cuſtomer quickly, and follow this Gentleman to his lodging: you heare where he lies.

Iulio. Yes, at the next turning?

Mercers man. Ile but fold up this boult of Sattin, and be with him inſtantly.

Iulio. Turne by the next lane, and thou ſhalt be ſure not to miſſe it, though thou findeſt not me, I have took ſufficient order and you ſhall be ſure to be ſatisfied.

Mer. We have many cheapners, but few buyers, many ſuch cuſtomers as this would make quick riddance.

Mercers man. What comes the ſumme to, ſir.

Mer. Three yards of Sattin and a halfe at ſeventeene, eight yards of Pluſh at foure and twenty; nay, there are divers other parcels, the ſumme is ſoon caſt up: thou ſhalt have a note of all.

Mercers man. And Ile but fold up theſe few boults lie looſe, and cleere the counter and be gone.

Mer. Be quick there. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Barber and Julio.

Iulio. But thou muſt be ſecret.

Barb. As your ſelf, Sir.

Iulio. A pretty handſome youth, and will be loath to diſcover himſelfe, being extreamly bashfull, and will make it ſtrange.

Barb.

Barb. Leave him to me, Ile perſwade him that I knew him, ere I ſaw him.

Iulio. Hee's my Kinſman, next Couſin German's by the Mothers ſide; now playing the Wag, as many youths will doe, you know it Barber.

Barb. Very well, it hath been many a good mans caſe.

Iulio. He hath got a clap.

Barb. Theſe claps are got by clapping.

Iulio. But for one thing, never ſhould it grieve mee, I feare it might go nere to ſpoile his marriage, which I would not for more than Ile ſpeak.

Barb. You ſhew your ſelf a Kinſman.

Iulio. Now his exuſe will be (as I told thee he's extreamly baſhfull) to enquire for a Gentleman that owes his Maſter mony, to comply with the old Proverbe, Though his excuſe be draff, yet drinks his errand.

Barb. And lotion muſt be uſed.

Iulio. As it ſhall ſeem beſt: but thinkſt thou hee'l endure it.

Barb. 'Twill put him to ſome pain.

Iulio. Which Ile not heare, my heart's ſo tender ore him: when he comes (as long hee will not ſtay) take him in charge, Thy pains ſhall be well paid, for doubt not but Ile come to the concluſion.

Barb. Very good, ſir?

Iulio. My hope is it will ſucceed according to my wiſhes.

Barb. Make no doubt of that, ſir.

Iulio. If I had, I had not made choice of thee above any other.

Barb. You are my friend indeed: and ſo I hope to keep you.

Iulio. I will withdraw for the preſent, and inſtantly return.

Barb. Now good ſpeed with you, good cuſtomers are thicke ſowed, and come up but thin. It is good to make much of them, when we have them. This ſhould be the patient, that he talked off.

Enter Mercers man.

Mercers man. I come to ſeek a Gentleman.

Barb. You do: that owes your Maſters mony.

Mer. man. Very true, ſir, you know my errand then.

Barb. Before you came.

Mer. man. The Gentleman belike hath told it you,

Barb. He hath indeed.

Mer. man. Is he within? (dispatcht.

Barb. But before he went, left order with me, you should be

Mer. man. Then I shall find him as good as his word: he hath acquainted you with my occasions.

Barb. Ile assure you that, and intends well towards you, I pray come neer into the withdrawing Room.

Mer. man. Ile wait on you, pray know you what it comes too.

Barb. Yes youth, I know, wherfore you come: pray rest you in that chaire, and Ile be for you presently; be not ashamed, you are not the first, nor shall be the last, that meet with these disasters: and now come, pray shew me your commodity.

Mer. man. The commodity belongs, sir, to my Master, 'twas not mine.

Barb. Are his in danger too? let him not feare, but if hee have not let it run too far, there may be helpe found: nay, come, will you shew?

Mer. man. Mean you the note: there are the parcels sent.

Barb. These parcels may in time grow great, come, will you be ruled, the Gentleman your Kinsman, told mee before, how bashfull you would be; and it becomes you well: but for your parcels, shew them in time: for if delay be long, that little which perhaps you shall have left, in time will come to nothing: your Kinsman's loth that you should spoile your Marriage?

Mer. man. Spoile my Marriage, spoile not my Masters debt, Neither draw these fearfull tricks on me: I need them not, pay mee the mony that your friend hath left, Dispatch mee so, for Kinsman I have none; And honest Barber finde some else to sport with, make me none of your Guls?

Barb. But I pray say.

Mer. man. I say, pay me sir, what's my due, & what by your confession, your friend left, or bring me to the party, or commodity he late had of my Master, or Coine for't: you have confest him to be your friend, therfore for him must answer.

Barb. By your favour, no more friend of mine, then you found him, to claime Kinred: my acquaintance with him, yet is scarce a full houre.

Mer. man. You are Confederates, and so I feare that I shall finde you: You know my errand, & promist mee dispatch:

Wh/

Why am I not dispatched then?

Barb. My meaning was to give you a Sering, or an incision Knife, Of which he told me you did stand in need: Indeed I deal in such cōmodities, And am acquainted what such parcels mean: For other wares or mony due for them, I know not what belongs to't.

Mer. man. Satisfie my Master so, quit me, and cleer thy self; or 'twill fall foule upon thee.

Barb. Willingly: my cloak boy, Ile along, yet am affraid That hee who had profest himselfe thy Kinsman, and my deare friend, will prove thy Masters Cosin. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lodwick, Tomaso, Stulitssimo, Monky, Puss, &c.

Puss. Give you joy Master *Stultissimo*, give you joy.

Stult. You talk like Gentlemen, and I like your talk the better, because you talke to a Gentleman; you call mee *Stultissimo*, and I say, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia:* and now I talk to you like a Gentleman and a Scholer.

Gent. All health and joy betyde you.

Stult. Gramercy Gentlemen, I am not now the man, I was in the morning; I did rise single, I return double: in the Meridian but Worshipfull, in the afternoon Honorable before Sun-set, and who knows but Majesticall before mid-night: nay I perswade my self I am so: am I not sweet *Monkie?*

Monk. Thou art my deare Baboon.

Stult. Very pretty names in faith: I prethee let's enterchange them still betwixt us: or Marmoset, or Apes face.

Monk. Yes, yes, by any means.

Stult. All thy goods and chattels, thy moveables, and the stuff that belongs thereto, thy utensils and implements; now are all mine.

Monk. They are, to have and to hold.

Puss. Yes, as long as yee can keep them.

Stult. I have purchased thee in thy proper person by my word, but all thy other *omnium gathrum*, beforenamed, by my deeds, I think thou hast them to shew.

Tom. The minde gives sometimes words unto the tongue, and makes it speak perforce, beare with him *Lodwick.*

Lod. Let the Doctors wife beare with him, for mine own part, with-

without he renounce this mood, and become sociable, as hee had wont, I defie his fellowship.

Tom. Will you dine with me *Vallentius?*

Val. Yes, shall we be merry?

Lod. O is the tide turn'd, is the winde come about, by this good day, and I were not cursing my selfe, for being accessary to this melancholy, I have no faith in me; if women can transmute men thus suddenly, hang me, if I keep not out of their clutches.

Val. Gallants, shall wee walk? I have a story for ye: prethee *Lodwick* frown not, be a friend indeed, and see not my defects, I have a tale shall make you laugh anon, and will excuse my blame; prethe be thy selfe, be jocund man.

Lod. Nay, I am soon perswaded.

Val. Where shall we be? *Tom.* At the old house.

Val. Come then, I'le make you laugh I sweare.

Enter Franciscus *in disguise.*

Fran. Thus by degrees, with hazard of my life, have I attain'd unto my wishes rest; and boldly gaze thee *Venice* in the face: the time has beene, Oh, but that time is past, when I was more familiar with thy pompe, but all that blisse is gone: And murther now, has with a crimson stain seal'd mee accurst, and like a condemn'd guilty Fugitive; I wander in despaire; fearing the russle of the harmlesse bird, and the flies clamor, the Ant, the Waspe, and every lesser thing, Dreadlesse of danger, strayes abroad for food; Not caring who behold them, But I, alas, of all, am most unhappy: Would I were dead, and past the feare of that, Makes mee thus Cowish. Who art thou comm'st here, more needy then my self?

Enter Julio *poore.*

Iulio. Where might I run to meet destruction, And set a period on my wretchednesse? Stern misery I know, and feele thee now: Yet is the earth content to beare my weight, And suffer what proud man disdains to know, Unlesse to spit upon, or add to that, Which wanteth no extream.

Fran. I cannot hold: his voice, his humour, I dare sweare as much, 'tis he; 'Tis he by heaven, my *Iulio.*

Iulio. *Franciscus*, preserver of my life; O let mee kisse the ground whereon thou treadest, then rise to thank thee.

Fran. That I could spend my self to teares for joy, beare witnesse you that know it: *Iulio*, for ever dwell within these arms

of

of mine, thou trueſt among men, I have not power to queſtion thee, my danger, my joy is ſo exceſſive; runne all to ſpoyle, & terrour meet with terrour, I feare none my *Julio*.

Julio. Strike when thou wilt proud death, I dare thee now; For having what I wiſht, I wiſh no more, nor would entreate time to deferre a minuite to have him reſt an age, ſince all things muſt have end, end it at once, my prayer is confirm'd, I have ſeene you e're I die.

Fran. And if you love me wiſh me not that wrong by praying for your end: doe not quite undoe me, if you but knew my heart, my *Julio*, you would not crav't againe: I could have comfort now, and cleane forget the dangers I have paſt, and thoſe purſue me ſtill: nothing to come can halfe ſo much diſmay, as thou doſt comfort; be it ſuddaine death or torture worſe than it: but for your ſake, would in my wombe I had bin ſtrangled, and never drawne this aire.

Julio. Where art thou Conſcience? whither haſt thou tooke Since thou didſt leave mans breaſt? that wee ſhould all have mothers; VViſedome all, yet all contemne her precepts: when you firſt fled, and by command'ment from the Senate houſe, your ſhips and lands were ſiez'd on for the State, thoſe that which ſtaid them did appeare ſo neare, as if their blood had ty'd them to your ſervice, grew ſo forgetfull in a moments ſpace, that neither argument, nor extreame ſignes could winne them to beliefe there had beene ſuch, as what you were to them: I (as no leſſe I could) bound to't by duty, ſpoke your merits ſtill, and did maintaine your right, on the Allyes of your inconſtant wife: but I am poore for't, truth was ſtill deſpis'd, and leſſe I could not be.

Fran. Take all I have: had I my former wealth,
My bounty could not recompence thy worth,
And powre it all before thee (my deare *Iulio*:)
Be not impatient with thy ſufferance, he's above wil pay thee all
My debts, though I ſhould periſh now.
Contemn'd for me? alack, alack, if there be ſuch
A thing in Charity, be charitable: doe not curſe the cauſe
Of this thy preſent want, I doe beſeech thee doe not thou *Iulio*:
I prethee anſwer me, and either doe what I have wiſht,
Or cure the wound thou haſt made.

Julio.

Iul. Good ſir no more: doe not call all the teares out of mine eyes; think who I am: would you did but know.

Fran. I will not urge thee further:
Shall we here combine, and ſhape our courſe alike,
And never, never part; yet pardon me,
I will not wiſh thee ſo much injury
To be unknowne of woman.

Iulio. You wiſh me not ſo well, how e're you wiſh, if you wiſh otherwiſe: your miſery be mine, and my enduring yours; one grave receive our bones; and hee that ſayes this Sepulcher is mine, call it *Franciſco's* Tombe.

Fran. I have a habite for thee yet unknowne, or worne,
But by my ſelfe: 'tis not a Furlong from the Antique Beech,
Whoſe hollow ſides conceales it: bide but here,
Till I can reach it from the hidden place,
And take it for thine owne: though homely,
Yet the courſeneſſe will keep warme,
And ward the ſharpeſt blaſt.

Iulio. You binde me to my prayers.

Fran. Ile be with thee ſtraight.

Iulio. Ignorant honeſty, ſhallow *Italian*, yes, live a wretch: Canſt thou be ſo fond to thinke me of that mettle? haſt thou eyes, and mayſt, yet will not ſee how thou art o're-recht: yes, doe continue innocent, doe, and die a foole, my friend, my friend, my very loyall friend, all friendſhip I forſweare, ſave outward ſignes, which with my garment I caſt nightly off. The father of the ſlaine *Antonio* promiſes liberally by Proclamation to any that can bring *Franciſco* forth. I will betray him, I will be the man ſhall purchaſe the reward: What way I curſes, or care for the report the multitude ſhall clamour therein. Ile imitate the Lawyer, making bad words my gaine. *Franciſcus* thou waſt born for my advancement: he's ſunke himſelfe, and fruitleſſe is the hope depends on that which was, and not which is; give me the preſent, not precedent man. Let me not hanker for emergency, but take the inſtant ſway, the publiſh't recompence is mine, 'tis ſayd, 'tis mine. *Franciſcus puts a coat upon him.*

Fran. That any ſhould be falſe —— But were there no droſſe, gold could not be eſteem'd, nor nothing precious rare. *Cornelia* let me forget that name and nothing elſe.

Iulio.

Iulio. It is a month and more ſince ſhe left *Venice.*

Fran. Would I had left the world when I firſt ſaw her.

Iulio. And the ſame minuite did *Phemone* forſake her friends and kindred: but where or whither they have betook themſelves the moſt knowing but conjecture.

Fran. How eaſie could wee make our miſeries, if wee might live and dye when't pleas'd our ſelves?

Iulio. Theſe ſtrange additions to my newes I add, *Antonio's* Carkaſſe never could be found ſince yours and his contention.

Fran. I left him dead: thou art ſtill juſt; ſome beaſt has made that fouler beaſt his prey, and made up my revenge: but come with me, let us withdraw unto yon thicket by, and ſpeake at large that woefull hiſtory commixt of my proceedings, and purſuit h; wilſt time's our owne.

Iulio. I would provide me of ſome neceſſaries, ſmall in expence, which make a mighty miſſe, and health cryes out to have: ſo if you pleaſe but let me fit my preſent want, at my returne enjoyne me to your will, though it continue to the lateſt date, and I am ſerviceable.

Fran. Speake no more ſuch words, but make your owne content: yet good *Iulio* be not abſent long, make me not long to ſee thee.

Iulio. Such ſhall be my ſpeed, you will not wiſh me ſooner to returne.

Fran. Not wiſh thee? yes, though thou ſhouldſt make return e're thou depart.

Iul. Marke the end.

Fran. Be briefe, and goodneſſe take with thee. This *Iulio*, if deſert might purchaſe Fame, deſerves ſufficient: but thou art partiall Fortune in cramming Buzzards, whilſt the Eagle ſterves: How many in this fertile *Italy*, whom Nature moulded when ſhe loath'd her taske, and blew her ſeed among the ignorant, haſt thou adorn'd with plenty? whilſt ſeemely vertue, wrackt with poverty, jets under baſe controule: There's no felicity, nor true content here upon earth: The Spider builds his Webbe in Barnes and Palaces: and the Prince himſelfe taſtes gall as hony: Happineſſe there's none, for leaſt or greateſt: Here my griefe ſo parches me, that it does paine me to relate my woes, and make my feelings knowne. Beneath this Hill a cleare and pleaſant

fountaine curles along, whose shallownesse makes the small pibbles 'peare above like Rocks, and murmure as shee runnes downe to the silver Current, thither will I high, and borrow so much of her watry store, as will asswage my thirst:

All things are kinde,
And feed our wants when they themselves are pin'd.

Enter Iulio *and* Pusse.

Iul. Now my Catter-whauling *Pusse*, how didst thou like my last Cheat? did I not foole them finely?

Pusse. Thou art the very meere *Mephostophelus*, and I perswade my selfe thou hast new vampt thy wits.

Iulio. Tush these are nothing: I have cheated one of the bravest Stats-men of the world; the very quintessence of *Spaine*: Nay, I have fool'd him who boasted in his Country, he had guld all our Nation. A Guelding is not rid in the horse-faire, but hee is mine to ride, maugre his Masters teeth. I have out-fac'd a fellow of his horse in the open Market, sold him before his face; & but making a question whether he trots or ambles, ride away both with the horse and mony, my *Pusse*. Sweet *Munkey* looke to the house at home, I must abroad againe, to fetch in a new purchase.

Pusse. Maist thou thrive according to thy will, and to my wishes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Stultissimo, Lodwicke, Tomaso, *and two Serieants.*

1. *Serg.* And what's your Action?

Stult. Three hundred pound: bee you ready to snappe him, and not to escape you without good baile: he's as slippery as an Eele.

2 *Serg.* Therefore we'le take him by the shoulder, and not by the taile; and so we shall be sure to hold him. But can you shew us the man?

Tom. This is his walk, and without waiting long you may spye him.

1 *Serg.* Say but that's he, and 'tis enough.

Lod. Stand as close as you can: If he have but the least suspition of an arrest, he's gone in a twinkling.

2 *Ser.* But will not you stay and assist us?

Stult. By no meunes; Ile but see him in hucksters handling, and be gone. Are you not paid your Fees afore-hand, and——

That's

That's he now: Now let him scape upon your owne perrill.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iulio.

1 *Serg.* If he doe, say no more: Yeoman stand to me.

Iulio. Now let me see: whom shall I next encounter?

1 *Serg.* Marry the Counter sir: for we arrest you.

Iulio. Ha, Counterfeits so nigh?

2 *Serg.* Yet currant enough to carry you to prison.

Iulio. And yet your Counter-tenour sounds but like scurvy Musicke: am I catcht then? I pray you at whose suite?

1 *Serg.* At three mens suite.

Iulio. Then three merry men, and three merry men be we, are we not honest Serjeants? well, there's a peece to begin withall: lets talke further of the businesse.

1 *Serg.* You speake well sir, if you hold on as you beginne: and if you can finde good baile, tenne to one but we shall prove as you late cald us (Honest Serjeants.)

Iulio. Me thinks you doe not speak like Varlets:

Enter a grave Doctor in serious discourse with a gentleman.

Gent. May it please you, sir, to imploy mine industry
For any further service?

Doct. Something more,
Which in my former Letter I forgot,
I would entreat you beare in memory:
And that's but this ——— *They whisper.*

Iulio. And in good time: Know you that reverend man?

1 *Serg.* Know him sir, yes, for a worthy Doctor.

Iulio. He's mine owne Vncle: will you take his word,
And make it to me as a free discharge?
If he but say (nay there's another peece)
Ile see you satisfied?

2 *Serg.* Yes, could we heare him say so: for hee's one whose word will not be questioned.

Iulio. 'Tis enough:
Give me but so much leaue as speake unto him,
And Ile keep in faire distance: on my life,
If he say not Ile see you satisfied,
I will returne your prisoner.

1 *Serg.* 'Tis enough: for so farre we dare trust you: you have

paid for't well: but we will watch him at an inch.

Iulio. I know he will not suffer mee to lye
For such a petty summe: Now braine or never.
Excuse my boldnesse Sir: though it be scarce manners,
To interrupt your serious conference.

Doct. With me sir is your businesse?

Iulio. Such a businesse,
Which as it toucheth me in Charity,
So should it you in Conscience.

Doct. Speake it pray.

Iulio. Look well on these two men.

1 *Serg.* He poynts at us.

Iulio. The one is an arch Brownist, and the other
Cannot endure to see a Surplesse worne:
Subject indeed to no conformity;
Yet both so well perswaded of your learning,
And spotlesse life, that what you shall propose
Th'are willing to subscribe too.

Doct. I am as ready to give them my instructions.

Iulio. And please you say so, that they may heare you sir.

Doct. Well I will:
My honest friends, and please you to have the patience
Till I have ended with this gentleman,
And instantly Ile see you satisfied.

1 *Serg.* It is enough grave sir.

Iulio. Now honest Serjeants: what desire you more?

2 *Serg.* Nothing from you sir.

Iulio. I hope so honest Serjeant: you see I deale fairely.
Farewell my honest Serjeants. *Exit.*

Doct. I have told you all: only remember me to these my noble friends.

Gent. With all the art
My weake tongne can deliver. *Exit Gentlman.*

1 *Sergeant.* So, he is now at leisure.

Doct. And now I come to you.

1 *Serg.* Most welcome, sir, we stay for the same purpose.

Doct. Now, tell me briefly, which of you is the Brownist? which the other, cannot indure a Surplice?

2 *Serg.* You are pleasant, sir.

We

We waite here, hoping to be satisfied.

Doct. And to that end I stay, for these opinions
So erroneons and so grosse.

1 *Serg.* Sir, all the opinion that we hold is that you will pay us the mony.

Doct. Still obstinate in errour; 'tis this mony,
And worldly care on which so much you doate:
Breeds in you these distractions.

1 *Serg.* Please you to pay the mony, you shall finde us conformable in all things.

Doct. Mony my friends, are not you Sectaries?

2 *Serg.* Sectaries; no, sir, we are Sergeants.

Doct. Sergeants; and waite for me? I owe you mony?

1 *Serg.* Yes, sir, for your Nephew that was with you but now, and told you of it; & we heard you say, you would see us satisfied.

Doct. The man's to me a stranger I protest,
And his request was I should satisfie you
In some points of Religion.

1 *Serg.* Religion, sir, 'tis a theam we seldome think of,
But three hundred pound is mony.

Doct. But I tell you,
I past my word for counsell not for coine,
And this is all that you from me can have:
Endure a Surplice, and beware a Knave. *Exit.*

2 *Serg.* Had we not warning sufficient of this before?

1 *Serg.* Well, howsoever, we have had good counsell,
If we had the grace to follow it. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Arbaces, *and* Julio *in good apparell, with three or foure with weapons.*

Julio. ASsure me of the promist recompence, I'le bring you to his presence.

Arba. Heare me a word. *They whisper aside.*

Enter

Enter Vallentius, Lodwick, Tomaso, Stultissimo *and* Fub.

Val. Now Signior, how do you feele you selfe? How like you marriage?

Stult. Faith it's a pretty quaint thing, and there's much good sport belongs to't, would I were unmarried again?

Lod. Why? are you weary of *Clariflora* already?

Stult. Weary no, but I would have store.

Fub. Harke you, sir, take my counsell; though store be no sore, meddle with no more of them, lest you make me a Prophet, and get many a sore head by the match: have you not heard the ancient saying, *No man can serve two masters?*

Lod. That's true, but any man may serve two Mistresses.

Fub. And serve their turns well.

Lod. Nay, i'le leave that to the performer.

Fub. Hark you Master *Lodwick*, you or any man may thinke he does well, and yet come short.

Lod. Briefly, directly, and learnedly spoken, sweet *Fub.*

Fub. I speak by proof.

Lod. Go to, your are a Knave *Fub.*

Fub. Hold your peace, there's more in the company.

Val. Well said, yfaith, thank him *Lodwick.*

Fub. It's not worth it, though I should say as much by you.

Tom. This fellow flows with wit.

Stult. Gallants, when were you at Court? I have been desired thether fortie times, my wife (I thinke) has a hundred friends there: besides Cooks and Pantlers, that she has had many a good thing of, and they have sworn to bid me welcome for her sake.

Val. You may see what comes by marriage?

Fub. If we might see all that comes by marriage, there would be old butting abroad?

Arba. Here's the summe, perform thy word, and claime it.

Val. Good morrow, good *Arbaces.*

Iulio. Make me not known to these?

Arba. *Vallentius.* *Val.* Hee?

Arba. Are you not mad, I heard no lesse of late.

Lod. Report's a calumnious quean, and will abuse vertue it self you see, both what he is, and what he was?

Arba. I am not sorrie, that I am deceiv'd: heare you not of *Franciscus.* *Exit* Arbaces *with* Julio, *and the Watch.*

Val.

Val. Upon my credit nothing.

Arba. Faire be your companie, come Gentlemen.

Lod. What's he that throws his Cloake about his nose? Is it not *Iulio*?

Tom. By all exterior seeming?

Val. My life 'tis he?

Lod. What should this mean?

Val. I was asking that.

Tom. Mark 't you *Arbaces*: he hath some drift in hand.

Val. Did you not note his followers?

Lod. Yes, and the Arms they carried.

Val. Shall we trace them, sirs? and leave our wonder: I dare gage my life, the knowledge will deserve the industry?

Tom. You speake my words.

Lod. Hee named *Franciscus*.

Val. Yes, and question'd me.

Tom. Withall, observ'd you but his speed.

Val. Come, wee will pursue him.

Stult. La, la, la, la: nay, I pray take me with you Gentlemen.

Fub. If not for company, for mirth's sake, take heed before there.

Enter Franciscus *alone*.

Fran. In mightie men how great appears the vertue nere so small; how small the vice, though mighty Philosophie, thy rules bridles my cogitations, and prolongs, what manhood would disdain, the time to come appales my courage and strikes instant feares through every nerve and artery: might wee like beasts end when wee die, and never make account in no other place then heer: what heart so base would feare the threatning Law? Flatter the Judge to save him: I would not sure: but there is blisse and torment much to come, wee cannot thinke on't yet the Resurrection aws me, I am much distempered, and want of companie, begets in me millions of terrours: *Iulio* tarries long, my Orisons secure him, could the teares wash the bloud but of my hands, my minde were something free.

Enter Iulio *musled*; Arbaces *and a Guard*.

Iulio. This is the place, and there *Franciscus* walks.

Arba. Where?

Iulio. That's he: apprehend him, i'le not be seen in't.

Arba. Your office, sir.

Fran.

Fran. What are these for men.

Arba. Lay hands upon him.

Fran. What mean you friends?

Constable. This we mean to attach you, as a murderer.

Fran. *Arbaces*, I am betray'd.

Arba. Look to the homicide, such mercie as a Tiger yields his prey, when he's pincht for want of what's his booty, expect from me thou murtherer.

Fran. None I have deserv'd, or am about to crave, I know the worst, my life thou canst but have, 'Tis thine; I make a tender of it ere the sentence come, & give thy labour ease, alas, poor *Iulio*: thou wilt unfriended, run thy future race without societie, I pitty thee my friend more then my selfe, danger to me is such, I do expect and dread not. Fare thee well, my breach of promise, is not with my will, but meerly on constraint.

Enter the Gentlemen.

Arba. Lead him hence.

Lod. Here they are.

Val. Who have we here bound to the good behaviour? *Fran-*

Lod. My deare friend. *(ciscus?*

Tom. My brother.

Arba. Officers, why doe you linger thus, away with him?

Val. How fare you, sir?

Fran. Sicke, sicke to death *Vallentius*: shall wee hence?

Exit Franciscus *with guard.*

Tom. I now behold my feare, when I did heare *Arbaces* speak of him.

Val. Something of badnesse shoot me instantly, but hee does pierce me through.

Lod. Good Gentleman.

Tom. Has he recided here since he first fled?

Val. I thought him now in *Millain*, where hee did trafficke

Lod. I wonder how he came to be discovered? (much.

Tom. Beshrew my bloud, I pitty his estate.

Val. Will you accord with mee, shew that respect you once did tender him, and withall willingnes strive to invent a means may do him ease.

Lod. What, my sword, my word, or wealth can doe is his, command it for him?

Val.

Val. Let us petition to his rough adversary, and like true Suppliants in our own behalfs, draw mercy from *Arbaces.*

Tom. Agreed.

Val. About it then, and our intentions thrive. *Manet* Julio.

Iulio. The gold is mine, his certain bondage does assure mee it, why should I be an Asse, and nicely stand on that no Tradesman does: no thrifty one, what conscience, any thing but such a word: our wise divines that preach an't, know it not, nor make good use of that, or ought they say, but of good mony: this I daily see, and sometime make my daily meditation, all's Ceremonie compos'd for purpose:

But be it what it will, this is my grace,
If not for one, I'me for the othe place.

Enter the Duke of Venice, *two Senators,* Crissipus, Arbaces, Vallentius, Tomaso, Lodwick, *Clarke, and others.*

Duke. Bring the offender forth.

Cris. Have mercie, good my Lord.

Duke. Believe't thou mayst sooner move a rock, which neither blustring winde, nor boisterous Sea could shake or swallow, then beget remorse or smallest favour in so foule a case: I were unjust, and much unmeet to be the man I am, should wee shew mercie where the crime deserves, beyond the laws extent. He that shall pardon murder, take't from me, is accessary to the guilty deed, and stands in self predicament: Heaven defend we should be such, were he my Nephew, nay, my first-borne sonne, or one more neere: let me not be blest in my proceedings, if our Authoritie should blinde his sinne, or alter justice course, set him forth: what favour equitie can yield be his, no more expect *Crisippus.* *Enter Officers with* Franciscus.

Pri. Sen. Read the indictment.

Fran. Save that pains, guilty, nor do repent, that in my wrath I did, whereof I stand convict.

Duke. Art thou not sorrie for thy hainous crime?

Fran. No mighty sir, but rather joy the more, in that it breviats my passage here, which I would willingly leave.

Arba. Impudent homicide: justice good my Lord, with that severitie which they deserve, which wilfully commit ——

Duke. Arise, thou needst not kneele, nor beg for justice, be assured *Arbaces:* such his deservings, such his punishment, and cruell

as the cause, thou most bruitish man, nay, beast or something worse: hadst thou no humanitie, no sparke of reason then, nor sence, to thinke thy trespasse foule and ugly? do'st not repent thy tyranny in death, though not the deed it self: fie on thee monster, hast thou a soule and dreadst not her perdition; what heathen savage, nay, what ruder thing, having the life thou soughtst, would have enacted such a deed of ruth, as thou, thou worst of creatures, on the image and liveless carcasse of thy loving friend.

Pri. Sen. 'Twas most uncivill, most unchristianly.

2 Sen. An act, a Tigre would not have perform'd, on one that had slain his brood.

Fran. Heare me good my Lord.

Arba. My poore *Antonio*.

Fran. That I did take his life, I have confest, what further accusations laid on mee, is meerly malice, and proceed from some, could wish my torment worse.

Arba. Out on thee butcher: give me leave my Lord.

Clark. Silence.

Duke. Canst thou deny thy wrathfull cruelltie, impetuous tyranny, and fell revenge upon his bleeding trunk?

Fran. Unlesse I should belie my selfe, and speake like a vaine boaster, more then what I did, I must say this is false, and hee's from truth, as farre as I am from hope of life, begot this slander.

Duke. Produce your proofe *Arbaces*, strike blushes through the cheeks of this false man, and let him see his shame.

Fran. What Devill should be rais'd from the lowest hell, to justifie this wrong?

Tom. This is strange.

Lod. I never thought *Franciscus* one so foule, as I behold him now.

Val. Not thought, I durst have sworn him of a purer mettle, and better temper farre.

Enter Julio *and* Arbaces.

Iulio. Prosperitie to the Venetian State.

Fran. *Iulio*: he's not his proof I hope.

Duke. Is this the Gentleman?

Arba. This is he my Lord.

Duke. Make room, give way there.

Fran. How comes this about?

2 *Sen.* The fact's confest, my Lord, what need we further wade into the Law, or heap on troubles which we may eschew, upon so plain a case? the crime is Murder, Murder is confest, then as you finde the guilt, proceed to judgement, and make no further question.

Duke. We shall be suddain.

Fran. My sentence, good my Lord.

Duke. Speake, sir, can you report any thing more touching this businesse then what already is delivered here in the open Court.

Iulio. No more or lesse, then what his owne tongue uttered, can I or have to say.

Fran. How's that?

Iulio. We were once friends: once had I such opinion of his vertues, my life and estimation were both his, hee might command them, much it were to speake of all that past between us: thus in short, I would some other were compell'd to this, which you have tied me too, my neerest friend alive.

Duke. *Arbaces*: was this the man gave you first notice where this Murderer kept?

Arba. The same my Lord.

Fran. Did he betray me? can this be.

2 *Sen.* Forward.

1 *Sen.* Speake.

Iulio. Must we be enforc'd, what should I speak, hee slue him, ript his bowels, mangled him, and in his wrath, as man will any thing: tumbled his recking quarters downe a Vault most steep and lothsome: what of this, hee might deserve much worse austeritie, yet this was bad enough?

Fran. Ha?

Arba. Justice, gracious Prince, justice, justice, sir.

Duke. Is this truth?

Iulio. Let me be depos'd ——

Lod. The most erronious, execrable part that ever was perform'd.

Val. Were hee my father, should forget himselfe, and match this outrage, mercy quite forsake me if I would sue his pardon.

Tom. It was ruthlesse, fell, and bloudie.

Duke. Look not up for shame, thou hast no interest there.

Fran. I have done wrong, mightie, mightie wrong.

Duke. Canst thou behold it now?

Fran. Pardon me father, pardon good *Arbaces*: that villaine, that foule villaine.

Enter Antonio, Cornelia, Phemone, *and Shepheard.*

Antonio. 'Twas time to come.

Cor. Shew mercie, mercie, Duke.

Phe. Pittie our complaints, have some compassion.

Duke. What are these that make this earnest deprecation, with such a heartie zeale: are they well known to this assembly?

Tom. *Cornelia*, sister.

Val. Faire *Phemone.*

Cris. When will these humid fountains be dried up, and yield no more warme drops?

Cor. My sweet *Franciscus.*

Fran. Some good or bad thing fell mee suddenly, let mee behold no more.

Duke. Is that his wife?

Val. She was my Lord, while some hard fate dis-joyn'd their mutuall league, and burst the holy concord.

Fran. Wilt thou pardon me and live a happie one, when I am dead, and lapt in this cold earth.

Cor. *Franciscus* I was ever true to you.

Fran. I see it, and believe: that villaine, oh, that villaine!

Duke. Harken thy sentence.

Fran. Heare mee my good Lord, little I have to say, yet to much grief tend my few words, this traitor, nay, 'tis title all too good for one so hainous foule, that he is per jur'd, by the death I owe his latest words do witnesse what hee is more, and worse: with pardon Lords, I shall delate at large, that all hereafter may example take, and shun a villaines snare; I tooke him up, when like an Adder in the frosty dew, the cold had starved him: that I had set my foot upon his head, when to my bosome I did take the Serpent, not cherisht, comforted long had he been, but hee both bit and stung mee: foolish man I was to be so fond, not many months, nor happy days I had with this most truest, most immaculate piece, but that perfidious Caitiffe, that blacke fiend by strange suggestions, and invented projects, draws mee into a confirm'd jealousie, that she had stained her honour, falsly playd

with

with young *Antonio.*

Anton. O forgive me heaven, what is this?

Fran. I from my wrong conceiv'd, leaſt could I not,
Drew him apart into a ſilent Grove,
Having before vow'd ſolemnly revenge,
Where I made ſome repetition of my griefe: he ſtill
(I ſee him) innocent gentleman, taking my words
For ſuch as Lovers uſe, when they are wanton,
Smiles me in the face, and would not thing 'twas anger.

Ant. Tis truth he ſpeakes.

Fran. This inkindled me, and as Boare,
When he does chaw his foame, predicts ſome miſchiefe,
So my bended front fore-told his ruine,
Forth I drew my ſword, and ſheathed it
Within his breaſt, what elſe is added,
He's a Jew averres, and falſer than a whore.

Iulio. See, ſee the Ages wickedneſſe: can it be poſſible? O miſerable time, when men make no more reckoning of their ſoules! Fye, fye, *Franciſco*, thinke upon your end, and whither you muſt goe. Moſt reverend Fathers, obſerve you this his contumacy: I ſhall I feare be forc'd to ſpeak what in my heart till now I cheſted, and rib'd in, becauſe mine oath, 'twas not my wil hath heare conſtrained me to expoſe his blame, my ſoule had vowed to hide; Note into malice how he throwes himſelfe, and would ſtaine my reputation with a calumnious lye.

Fran. Art thou a man, or ſomething elſe; oh foole, foole.

Ant. Is this poſſible?

Duk. Give eare nnto thy ſentece. *They talke in priuate.*

Ant. I muſt, in ———

Duke. Did not I ſay he's mad, ſtarke raving mad, away with him. The man's alive that's dead.

Val. Yes, they ſupt together: I love this fellow.

Iulio. Your Grace ſhall doe well to puniſh this ſaucy groom.

Ant. You are a moſt pernicious damn'd villaine, and your ſoule knowes it.

Arb. Come, ſir, depart, & rave not, or I ſhall ſee you whipt.

Ant. Good Father pardon: pardon mighty Duke, pardon *Antonio*, cauſe of this diſquiet. *Lod.* *Antonio*?

Val. By this light he ſupt with him indeed.

Fran. It is not so, this cannot be.

Jul. Is there no mountaine nigh to fall on me, no roten house?

Arb. I know not whether I may call thee sonne, for rest in doubt for ever.

Ant. I am *Antonio*, and I was your son, when I left *Venice* last.

Duk. Is no man here amaz'd but onely I?

Anto. My deare *Phemone!*

Phem. Were you the Shepheard?

Ant. You see chaste *Cornelia.*

Arb. Was ever man so blest?

Ant. Nay, come *Francisco*, I must have your hand: I can as well forgive, as I can love; and nothing more than both: good *Crissippus*, my old friend.

Val. You have bin a stranger Signior; but I'me glad 'tis thus.

Julio *would be gone.*

Duk. Whither away: stay him officers; wee have not done with you.

Julio. Wither shall I runne to hide my selfe? What Climate, or what Region? Pardon greatest Prince. Pardon grave Fathers.

Arb. Against that prayer kneele I: No pardon Prince, as thou dost hope for blisse.

Cris. Grant him a halter; nothing else good Duke.

Duk. Give him his liberty: Art thou so impudent to pleade for mercy, and beg of me, having committed such a capitall trespasse here in my view?

Fran. Though what I speake, with some additions, I have done and more, and he more false has plaid, than I have said; blot his offences: be propitious Sir.

Ant. Though the greatest sufferance fell on my part, I here acquit him, and beseech for mercy.

Fran. Yet be compendious, and possesse this presence, what cause thou hadst that tempted thee so badly to seek my ruine.

Julio. The Devill and his Angels.

Fran. O fie *Ioretzo.*

Duke. How *Ioretzo*? not the sonne of that pernitious traytor, had plotted with *Lamunes* for summes of gold to burn our City?

Fran. He's dead, and suffered for the same offence.

Duke. When brought the toad forth other than himselfe, unlesse

lesse 'twere something worse ?

Ant. Forget his Fathers faults : be pittifull.

Duke. He that prayes next in his behalfe, by heaven friends not himself, and is mine enemy : We have too long suffered such Weeds as these to flourish in our soyle : No more the bosome of this earth of ours, shall (like a mother) lend her fruitlesse encrease, to cherish those would bane her : The sword of justice cut the justice off that keeps it sheath'd to such : His deeds were shamefull, his rewards be so, and quittance his desert : Seare on his brow in letters cappitall, the name of knave, that all behold may reade him what he is, and hate him in the sight : His next doome is this ; after three daies we charge thee on thy life, never set foote more in thy Native Climate.

So, beare him to his torture, speech is vaine :
For what is said there's nothing can restraine. *Exit Iulio.*

Arb. Most worthy Prince.

Lod. Ile be honester while I live for this trick.

Fran. Can you forgive mine injury, *Antonio ?*

Ant. As freely as I hope to be forgiven ; and crave no more amends, but onely this, you'le call me brother, and make *Phemone* mine.

Fran. I need not make what's made, take and enjoy her that hath vow'd to be none but yours.

Cris. Thy hand *Arbaces*, our quarrell's or'e, we'le no fighting.

Arb. Fight, yes : I hope we shall find something else to doe.

Cris. Daughter I have done thee wrong too ; but Ile seeke forgivenesse when we have more leasure.

Fran. This day breeds wonders : by what accident scapt you of your wounds ?

Ant. Here stands the meanes, whom I must ever tender with respect, as with my full proceedings you shall heare, when none can interrupt.

Duke. *Francisco*, henceforth know your vertuous wife, & prize her as a jewell : I have heard the world speake well of her, and those unmatch'd wish they may have your fortunes. *Lodwicke* where's the dumbe shew you promis'd me.

Lod. Even ready my Lord ; but may be cald a motion : for puppits wil speak but such corrupt language, you'le never understand without an interpreter, or a short plot, which I have drawn

thus

thus——Now the motion followes. *Enter Doctor.*

Doct. What not divulge: yes, yes, I will divulge.

Duk. The jealous Doctor: I have him.

Doct. Doe me right, sweet Duke, doe me right.

Duk. What art?

Doct. A foole, a physitian, a maintainer of whoredome, with a poxe to me.

Duk. Then *Medice cura teipsum*; more knave than foole, the plot's false drawne else: away with em.

Lod. Come sir, depart.

Doct. Purge mee Duke, purge me, or let my wife take out my corrupted braines, and rince them in a Cucking-stoole: I come *Skimmington*, I come. *Exit.*

Lod. Vallentius you must take some order for the Doctors cure: he befriended you in as great a courtesie.

Enter Stultissimo and Fub.

Stult. Trot on afore: is the Corne-cutter come yet?

Fub. The Horne-cutter is come, sir.

Stult. On, on to the Leaguer then: I am ashamed to show my head amongst Animalls: on to the Leaguer. *Exit.*

Val. This is a Monster of your making, *Lodwicke*, buy him a Cap-case to hide up his hornes in, for shame o'th' world.

Lod. Come we are both——

A great Hubub and noise, a ringing of basons, a great many Boyes before, and Julio *drawne in a Cart.*

1 *Boy.* He comes, he comes.

2 *Boy.* Where doth he come? hee is rather drawne hither like a Bare to a stake.

3 *Boy.* What in a Coach?

1 *Boy.* Nay, rather in an open Charriot: and yet it cannot bee properly called a Chariot, because it runnes but on two Wheeles.

2 *Boy.* Roome for him there: for I am sure hee had rather any here had his roome than his company.

3 *Boy.* Silence there; you in the Docket there, let but one speake in the Court at once.

All. Silence.

Julio. Noverint universi,
It is the Dukes mercy;
And the condition of my Obligation,
To make my recantation,
That I within bound,
Should give reasons profound,
Why (much against my heart)
I thus ride in a Cart.

Nay, gentlemen, no egges I beseech you: for I love them at this time, neither raw, roasted, nor rotten. For should they hit me on the breast, they would goe cleane against my stomacke.

Tomaso in a corner of the Gallery.

Tom. You *Phaeton*,
Is that your Father *Phœbus* his Chariot, and will he allow you never a Boxe to sit in?

Iulio. No juglers Boxe, Ile assure thee friend: for here's neither passe, nor repasse, I stand here you see for an example, And could wish all these good people to follow it.

Lodwicke in another corner.

Lod. Who's that, *Bootes* mounted in his *Charles* waine? doth he cry Pippings, Carrets or Turneps?

Iulio. You are deceived, Signior: rather *Bread*, and *Meate*, as Pye-crust, bones, and fragments out of the Ludgate mans basket: Nay, hold your hands, I beseech you Gentlemen, and use your tongues and spare not.

Soul. Well, he stands heare but for a shew, and I am sure I suffered for it really and indeed.

Iulio. Beare witnesse my Masters, that is the maine malefactor indeed, and I stand here for a show: Ile goe no further than his owne confession.

A *Country fellow standing by.*

Country fel. They talke of Cheaters, here is a twenty shillings peece that I put into my mouth, let any Cheater in Christendome couseu me of this, and carry it away cleanly, and Ile not only forgive him, but hugge him and imbrace him for it, and say he is a very *Hocus Pocus* indeed.

Iulio. What said that fellow?

Pusse. He saith he hath a peece in his mouth, that all *Europe* shall not cheate him of.

Julio. I have markt him, 'tis mine owne: and notwithstanding all this melancholy we'le spend it at night in Wine and Musicke.

Count. fel. Hee that can plucke this peece out of my jawes, spight of my teeth, and I keepe my mouth fast shut, Ile say hee is more than a Cheater, and a Doctor *Faustus*, or *Mephostophilus* at least.

Puss. Dost heare how he brags?

Julio. 'Tis mine own I warrant thee.

Two Countrimen.

1 *Count*. But what's become of my horse?

2 *Count*. And what's become of my load of hay?

Iulio. May I eate hay with your horse, if they were not both done neatly and cleanly. But Gentlemen, and the rest, you see I am at this present your pittifull spectacle. I lookt once within this twelve month, not to have been mounted in such state: but no man knows what preferment hee is born to. You see I have hitherto sayled through this great storme without soyling my Suite, spoyling my Ruffe, or spattering my Beaver: thanks to these kinde spectators.

1 *Serg*. But Master Fast and Loose, doe you remember what a slippery trick you served Master Doctor and us?

Iulio. And was it not fairely done Master Sergeant, to teach you how to disgest the wearing of a Surplice, before you came to stand in a white sheet.

1 *Serg*. Well now you are at your journies end: May it please you to alight for your ease?

Iulio. Withall my heart: and if either you or any of my accusers be weary with following me on foot, the Room is now empty; I will give him leave to ride in my place. *Hee seems to fall into a passion.* Yet when I doe but think of this disaster, it draws teares from mine eyes.

He draws his handkerchiefe (as to wipe his eyes) just before the Country fellow, and scatters some small mony.

Country fellow. Sir, you have (I think) let fall some mony.

Iulio. Thanks honest friend. *He takes it up.*

Count. fel. What do you look for? I can assure you here is all that fell.

Iulio. Nay, sure I had more mony? 'tis not in my handkerchief,

chief, nor in my pockets, I have examined them both.

Serg. Why, what do you want sir?

Iulio. A piece, a piece, and had it now, just now; sure whilst I was so high pearcht none could dive so low into my pocket, it was sure as I lighted, and dropt from mee, just as I drew my handkerchief.

Pufs. Some such thing I saw fall.

Iulio. Pray who were they that stoopt?

Serg. I saw none stoop but this Country fellow.

Iulio. Then sir, I must demand this piece of you.

Count. fellow. Of me? I professe I tooke up but two shillings and six pence, and that I gave into your hand.

Iulio. But I professe that one of them was a piece, and never came into my hand, and that I must demand of you: say did nobody stoop but hee?

Serg. None I assure you.

Iulio. Thou art still my honest Sergeant.

Pufs. That fellow hath something in his mouth.

Count. fel. Yes my tongue and my teeth, and what of all that.

Pufs. Nay, something else sure, for hee is not troubled with the Mumps, and yet see how one side of his cheeks bumps out.

Iulio. I am afraid, we shall finde him a Cheater.

Serg. Sirrah know I am an Officer, (I charge you open your mouth, and let us see what you have in it, &c.

Count. fel. Well sir, I have a twenty shillings piece, what then?

Serg. And this man missetb a twenty shilling piece out of his pocket.

Iulio. Plead well Sergeant and thou shalt have thy fee.

Count. fel. Well, there it is, what can you make of it?

Iulio. Marry twenty shillings good and lawfull currant mony, *Pufs*, was not this the piece that I put in my pocket this morning?

Pufs. I know it by that mark.

Serg. And she's witnesse sufficient in conscience.

Iulio. Doe you see Gentlemen! I am here brought to publike penance for a Cheater, and here's a plain fellow that (it seems) in his simplicity would out-doe me: if I be thus censured meerly for suspicion; shall hee scape free that is taken in the very action?

All. No, no, mount him, mount him.

Count. fel. Nay, by your favour Gentlemen, I have driven a Cart often for my pleasure, and would bee loth to ride in one now for my punishment. It is penance enough for mee to part with my peece, which cannot be more currant of Coine, then his is Arrant for Knavery. *Exit.*

Iulio. He's gone, I am still here, now Gentlemen,
If heretofore there hath been any *Doll*,
Any bold *Beachum*, and any Cut-purse *Moll*.
Any Bawd fat with wealth, or with care meager,
That spends her time in Garrison or Leager,
Grace me so farre to say, that of a Cheater
Though some have been more grave, scarce any greater,
But Gentlemen, what need we more repeating?
Knowing, that even in all Trades there is cheating?
Tis common both in buying and in selling,
In all Commerce; nay, even in mony telling.
Tis frequent 'twixt the Pander and the Whore,
We our selves finde it at the Play-house doore.
And though (for an example) here I stand,
I am not all the Cheaters in the land.
Some here (no question) know it but I vow,
(They what they please) I will cheat none of you.

Duke. We understand their humours,
And the cause of their distempers;
And have too long suffered such weeds
As these to flourish in our soyle,
But now no longer shall this earth of ours,
Like a kinde Mother lend her fruits increase,
To cherish those would eclipse her worth.
But those whose aymes and acts are imitable,
Crown with green Garlands, and with Bowls brim'd full.

Musique proclaime a generall Festivall,
A Jubile of joy and mirth to all:
May love and truth, never like comfort misse,
Nor *Knave in Grain*, scape a reward like this.

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